

Engraved for the Myrtle.



Sold by J. Fuller

THE
MYRTLE.

Being a Favourite



COLLECTION

Of above Two Hundred of the Newest and Best

ENGLISH and SCOTCH

SONGS.

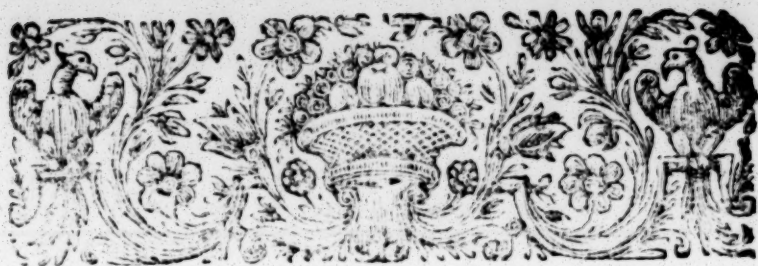
Most of which have been lately Set to Musick, and Sung by

Mr. BEARD, | Miss STEPHENSON,
Mr. Low, | Miss BURCHEL, and Others,

At the Publick Theatres and Gardens.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. FULLER, Bookseller, at his Circulating Library, in *Butcher-Hall-Lane, Newgate-Street*; and S. NEALE, Bookseller, at the *Bible and Crown*, in *Chancery-Lane*. 1755.



A
COLLECTION
OF
SONGS.

SONG I.

I.



N vain the fleeting Clouds we chide,
Or bid the rolling Billows stay,
Like them does Time our Call deride,
Like them in Silence haste away.

II.

Yet how unjustly we complain
If we the present Instant seize!
He wings his fragrant Flight in vain,
Spight of himself awhile he stays.

III.

If Life's a Passage all must tread,
Happiest who most unheeding stray,
Who follow where the Graces lead,
And strow with Flowers a thorny Way.

SONG II.

I.

LET others sing, in loftier Lays,
 The Wanton and the Vain;
 My artless Muse aspires to praise
 Dear *Polly* of the Plain.
 Tho' poor my Skill,
 My Song shall still,
 Be *Polly* of the Plain,
 Be *Polly*, be *Polly*,
 Be *Polly* of the Plain.

II.

While Vanity admits her Aid,
 Let meaner Beauties shine;
 Her faithless Glare bedims the Maid
 Whom Nature stamps divine;
 Her Pow'r to show,
 She sent below
 Dear *Polly* of the Plain.

III.

The Face, the Mien, may Charms dispense,
 To kindle fierce Desire;
 But Virtue, Modesty, and Sense
 Must gen'rous Love inspire:
 'Tis these that move
 My Soul to love
 Dear *Polly* of the Plain.

IV.

How sweetly looks the silver Ray,
 That cheers the Noon of Night!
 But when great *Phœbus* gives the Day,
 What Pow'r has *Cynthia's* Light?
 Thus all the Fair
 Eclips'd appear
 By *Polly* of the Plain.

V.

Tho' blest'd the Youth within whose Mind
A happy Passion reigns :
Yet happiest he of all Mankind,
Who *Polly's* Heart obtains :
And, in his Arms,
Enjoys the Charms
Of *Polly* of the Plain.

S O N G III.

A SONG for Ranelagh. By Mr. W. WHITEHEAD.

I.

YE Belles, and ye Flirts, and ye pert little Things,
Who trip in this frolicksome Round,
Pray tell me from whence this Indecency springs,
The Sexes at once to confound ?
What means the cock'd Hat, and the masculine Air,
With each Motion design'd to perplex ?
Bright Eyes were intended to languish, not stare,
And Softness the Test of your Sex.

II

The Girl who on Beauty depends for Support,
May call ev'ry Art to her Aid :
The Bosom display'd, and the Petticoat short,
Are Samples she gives of her Trade.
But you, on whom Fortune indulgently smiles,
And whom Pride has preserv'd from the Snare,
Should slyly Attack us, with Coyne's and Wiles,
Not with open and insolent Air.

III.

The *Venus*, whose Statue delights all Mankind,
Shrinks modestly back from the View ;
And kindly should seem by the Artist design'd
To serve as a Model for you.

Then

Then learn with her Beauties to copy her Air,
 Nor venture too much to reveal;
 Our Fancies will paint what you cover with Care,
 And double each Charm you conceal.

IV.

The Blushes of Morn, and the Mildness of *May*,
 Are Charms which no Art can procure;
 Oh! be but yourselves, and our Homage we pay,
 And your Empire is solid and sure.
 But if, Amazon-like, you attack your Gallants,
 And put us Fear of our Lives,
 You may do very well for Sisters and Aunts,
 But, believe me, you'll never be Wives.

SONG IV.

The RETORT.

I.

YE Coxcombs and Beaux, and ye grave, wise
 Things,
 Who walk in this frolicksome Round,
 Pray tell me from whence your Ill-nature could spring,
 At once the Fair Sex to confound.
 To censure those Fair, who are dressing for you,
 Indeed is unkind without Measure;
 Then teach us the Way, and, O! give us the Clue
 To hold you, we'll keep it as Treasure.
 Then teach us the Way, and, O! give us the Clue
 To hold you, we'll keep it as Treasure.

II.

The Maid who has copy'd the Statue admir'd,
 And modestly turn'd from your View,
 Her have you not left, tho' you know she desir'd
 None other Alliance but you.

When

Who has felt your Approach with Warmth like a *Jove*,
When *Venus* before him appear'd,
The Stare not return'd, when with Ardour she lov'd,
Have you not left her Passion unheard.

III.

Your *Fanny's*, and *Lucy's*, and some other Names,
Their Hats we all thought was the Clue,
Then did we pursue both their Flirting and Fame,
For Dress, and for ev'ry Thing new:
And have you not forc'd us to have this Resource
To catch but one Glance from your Eye,
For when *Murray*, *Charlotte*, or *Lucy* appear'd,
Ah! to them how eager you'd fly.

IV.

Be ty'd by their Streamers for ten tedious Rounds,
On *Ranelagh's* famous Parade,
O! how could we forbear, to try if that Snare,
Would call thee from Jilts and from Jades?
But now we'll grow wise, and these Follies despise,
Lead you but to Wisdom the Way,
We'll hold her as fast, we'll adore her as much,
And shine like the God of the Day.

S O N G V.

The MISTRESS: or, The Force of Beauty.

Set by Mr. ARNE, Jun.

CEASE, *Damon*, cease concern'd to be,
At Wounds for which we envy thee:
For who would not be treated so,
Were that fair Hand to give the Blow.
For who would not be treated so,
Were that fair Hand to give the Blow.
Were that fair Hand to give the Blow.

S O N G

SONG VI.

The Forsaken Lover. By Mr. BURGESS, Sen.

I.

W AFT me ye Winds where Woodbines grow,
 Where rising Flowers adorn the Spring,
 Where gently murmuring Rivulets flow,
 And plaintive cooing Stock-doves sing.

II.

There in the cool, the kind Retreat,
 Far from the Sports which glad the Plain,
 My *Silvia's* Falshood I'll repeat,
 And to the silent Grove complain.

III.

Then if by Chance the Maid draws near,
 Lur'd by the Music of my Song,
 Whisper ye Gales that she is there,
 And all the tender Strain prolong.

III.

In Notes more moving I'll relate,
 The cruel Story of my Woe,
 Until the Fair lament my Fate,
 And grieve she'd us'd her True-love so.

SONG VII.

The LASS of the BROOK.

I.

O N a Brook's grassy Brink, in the Willows cool
 Shade,
 The Primroses pressing, reclin'd a Fair Maid :
 She por'd o'er the Stream that limp'd idly along,
 Well pleas'd saw herself, and thus turn'd her soft Song.
 Well pleas'd saw herself, and thus turn'd her soft Song.

II.

A Collection of SONGS.

9

II.

Tho' the 'Squire's fine Sweet-heart should look in the
Stream,
If the Chrystal tells truly, more comely I seem.
What's the Daisy, the Peach, or the Strawberry Dye,
With White and Red blooming, more comely am I.
With, &c.

III.

As oft thro' the Church-yard, on *Sunday*, I tread,
While gaping Louts, grinning o'er Tombstones, are
spread:
With Raptures they praise me, I keep on my Way,
And, down looking, seem ~~not~~ to hear what they say.
And, &c,

IV.

Each kneeling Swain loudly protest I am fair,
Yet none can delight me 'till *Strephon* I hear.
Speed your Search, you shrill Songsters, 'till *Strephon*
you see;
Then tell him he's stay'd for, he's stay'd for by me.
Then, &c.

S. O N G VIII.

A Favourite, inscrib'd to the Choice Spirits.

I.

AS frisky *Sue Wellfleet* set at her Stall,
Surrounded with Fish, the Devil and all,
A Monsieur Jean Fôûtre in th' Intrim came by,
At her Fish and her Flesh he both cast a Sheep's Eye.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

II.

He stopp'd at the Stall. — My sweet prettie Deare,
Pray vat must I give for dis littel Fish ere?
That Lobster? (cry'd *Susan*) I'll make but one Word,
For less than a Shilling I cannot afford.

Derry down, &c.

B

III.

III.

Un Schelling! My Deare, parbleu! and for vat?
 For von alf de Monee I've better as dat:
 A ha! Jarnibleu! begar it does stinke,
 Ere smell it yourself, Madame, vat do you tinke?

Derry down, &c.

IV.

Why I think you're a *French* lying boug'ring Dog,
 One half your damn'd Country wou'd jump at such
 Prog:

With Arms set a-kimbo then to him she goes,
 And bob went the Lobster full plump 'gainst his Nose.

Derry down, &c.

V.

Bougresse quevousetes! sacre Dieu! you dam Biche!
 T'abuse Gentlemens dat do come buy your Fishe!
 But I navre vill buy von Pig in von Poke,
 My Nose for me was always mine Cooke.

Derry down, &c.

VI.

With Barley Nab cock'd *Sue* her Fingers she snap'd,
 And pulling his Nose, a fine Courtly she dropt:
 What Business (said she) have Cooks out of their Place.
 Come Nose in your Kitchen — and shew'd her fat A—.

Derry down, &c.

SONG IX.

MARIA.

I.

ON thee, *Maria*, while I gaz'd,
 So graceful and so fair,
 Each Charm intic'd my tender Heart,
 And stole from Heaven a Prayer.
 And stole from Heaven a Prayer.

II.

Then wisely I indeed resolv'd
To gaze on thee no more,
But soon, alafs ! I found myself
The Fool I was before.

S O N G X.

By Mr. BEARD, in Proteus, or Harlequin in China.

I.

WHERE Modes are so various,
And Smiles so precarious,
No Wonder that thou art rejected :
For Folly and Reason,
By Turns have their Season,
And each in their Turn is neglected.

II.

The Ladies in wooing,
So soft once and cooing,
Are buxom and bold to the Lover :
Each Secret disclosing,
Each Beauty exposing.
Their prudent Mamma's Choice to cover,

III.

The Beaux altered Creatures,
Now trump up their Features;
And trip it, and trip it, so pretty :
While Bloods with broad Staring,
Long Swords, and loud Swearing,
Are laugh'd at by Court and by City.

S O N G X I.

By Mr. BEARD.

I.

SUN · SHINE shall succeed the Storm,
 Smiling *Venus* is your Friend :
 Sun-shine shall succeed the Storm,
 Smiling *Venus* is your Friend :
Hymen shall his Rites perform,
 Happiness shall crown the End.
Hymen shall his Rites perform,
 Happiness shall crown the End.

II

Cupid with his Train appears,
 Loves and Graces shall attend,
Cupid with, &c,
 Circling Joys shall banish Fears,
 Happiness shall crown the End,
 Circling Joys, &c.

III.

Av'rice tries her Scheme in vain,
 Loves propitious vows to rend,
 Av'rice tries, &c.
 Virtue shall the Conquest gain,
 Happiness shall crown the End,
 Virtue shall, &c.

S O N G XII.

By Mr. BEARD.

I.

GOOD Father be peaceful, your Avarice assuage,
Assume other Passions becoming your Age;
Release your base Soul from the old iron Chest,
And melt your hard Heart on your Daughter's soft
Breast.

II.

Do you my young Bridegroom keep those sacred Bands,
Let your Heart ever answer the Union of Hands.
Be you prompt to learn, never forward to teach,
Be profuse of your Smiles, but be sparing of Speech.

III.

And now Brother *Proteus* one Lecture for you,
To *Britain* return, bid to *China* adieu:
Chinese and *Grotesque* so engrosses high Life.
Some Lady'll buy you, and some Lord take your Wife.

C H O R U S.

Then let all rejoice, with one Heart and Voice,
A God has ordain'd it,
A God has ordain'd it,
Applaud, Applaud, Applaud the blest Choice.

S O N G XIII.

I N all the Sex some Charms I find,
I Love to try all Woman-kind;
The Fair, the Smart, the Witty;
The Fair, the Smart, the Witty.
In *Cupid's* Fetters most severe,
I languish'd out a long long Year,
The Slave of wanton *Kitty*;
The Slave of wanton Kitty.

At length I broke the galling Chain,
 And swore that Love was endless Pain,
 One constant Scene of Folly,
 One constant, &c.

I vow'd no more to wear the Yoke,
 But soon I felt the second Stroke
 And sigh'd for blue ey'd *Molly*,
 And sigh'd, &c.

With Tresses next of flaxen Hue,
 Young *Fenny* did my Soul subdue,
 That lives in yonder Valley,
 That lives, &c.

Then *Cupid* threw another Snare,
 And caught me in the curling Hair,
 Of little tempting *Sally*.
 Of little, &c.

Adorn'd with Charms, tho' blith and young,
 My roving Heart from Bondage sprung,
 This Heart of yielding Mettle ;
 This Heart, &c.

And now it wanders here and there,
 By turns the Prize of *Brown* and *Fair*,
 But never more will settle,
 But never, &c.

S O N G X I V .

TOM loves *Mary* passing well,
 And *Mary* she loves *Harry* ;
 But *Harry* sighs for bonny *Bell*,
 And finds his Love miscarry ;
 For bonny *Bell* for *Thomas* burns,
 Whilst *Mary* flights his Passion :
 So strangely freakish are the Turns
 Of human Inclination.

Moll gave *Hal* a Wreath of Flow'rs,
Which he, in amorous Folly,
Consign'd to *Bell*, and in few Hours
It came again to *Molly*.
Thus all by Turns are woo'd and woo,
No Turtles can be truer ;
Each loves the Object they pursue,
But hate the kind Pursuer.

As much as *Mary Thomas* grieves,
Proud *Hal* despises *Mary* ;
And all the Flouts, which *Bell* receives
From *Tom*, she vents on *Harry*.
If One of all the Four has frown'd,
You ne'er saw People grummer ;
If One has smil'd, it catches round,
And all are in good Humour.

Then Lovers, hence this Lesson learn,
Throughout the *British* Nation,
How much 'tis every One's Concern
To smile at Reformation :
And still through Life this Rule pursue,
Whatever Objects strike ye.
Be kind to them that fancy you,
That those you love may like you.

S O N G X V .

Forgive ye Fair, nor take it wrong,
If aught too much I do ;
Permit me, while I give my Song,
To give a Lesson too :

Let Modesty, that Heav'n-born Maid,
Your Words and Actions grace;
'Tis this, and only this, can add
New Lustre to your Face.

'Tis this which paints the Virgin Cheeks,
Beyond the Pow'r of Art;
And every real Blush bespeaks
The Goodness of the Heart;
This Index of the virtuous Mind,
Your Lovers will adore,
'Tis this will leave a Charm behind,
When Bloom can charm no more.

Inspir'd by this, to idle Men
With nice Reserve behave,
And learn by Distance to maintain
The Pow'r your Beauty gave;
For this, when Beauty must decay,
Your Empire will protect;
The Wanton pleases for a Day,
But ne'er creates Respect.

With this their silly Jests reprove,
When Coxcombs dare intrude;
Nor think the Man is worth your Love,
Who ventures to be rude.
Your Charms, when cheap, will ever pall,
They sully with a Touch;
And, tho' we mean to grant not all,
We often grant too much.

But patient let each virtuous Fair
Expect the generous Youth,
Whom *Heav'n* has doom'd her Heart to share,
And blest'd with *Love* and Truth;

For him alone preserve her Hand,
And wait the happy Day,
When he with Justice can command,
And she with Joy obey.

S O N G X V I.

I Seek not at once in a Female to find,
The Form of a *Venus* with *Pallas's* Mind,
Let the Fair one I love, have but Prudence in View,
That tho' she deceive, I may still think her true ;
That tho', &c.

Be her Person not beauteous, but pleasing and clean,
Let her Temper be cloudless, and open her Mein,
By Folly, Ill-nature, nor Vanity led,
Nor indebted to paint, — *Nor indebted to Paint,*
For *White* or for Red, — *For White or for Red.*

May her Tongue that dread Weapon in most of the
Sex,
Be employ'd to delight us, and not to perplex ;
Let her not be too bold, nor frown at a Jest,
For Prudes I despise, and Coquets I detest,
For Prudes I despise, &c.

May her Humour the Taste of the Company hit,
Not affectedly wise, nor too pert with her Wit.
Go find out the Maid that is form'd on my Plan,
And I'll love her for ever. — *And I'll love her for*
ever,
— I mean, if I can. — *I mean, if I can.*

SONG XVII.

PUSH about the brisk Bowl, 'twill enliven the
Heart,

Whilst thus we sit round on the Grass.

The Lover who talks of his Suff'rings and Smart,

Deserves to be reckon'd an *Afs*, an *Afs*,

Deserves to be reckon'd an Als

The Wretch who sits watching his ill-gotton Peif,

And wishes to add to the Mass;

Whate'er the Curmudgeon may think of himself,

Deserves to be reckon'd an *Afs*, &c.

The Beau, who so smart with his well powder'd Hair,

An Angel beholds in his Glass;

And thinks with Grimace to subdue all the Fair.

Deserves to be reckon'd an *Afs*. &c.

The Merchant from Climate to Climate will roam,

Of *Cræsus* the Wealth to surpass;

And oft while he's wandring, my Lady at Home,

Claps the Horns of an Ox on an *Afs*, &c.

The Lawyer so grave when he puts in his Plea,

With Forehead well fronted with Brass;

Tho' he talks to no Purpose, he pockets your Fee,

There you, my good Friend, are the *Afs*, &c.

The formal Physician, who knows ev'ry Ill,

Shall last be produc'd in this Glass;

The sick Man a while may confide in his Skill,

But Death proves the Doctor an *Afs*, &c.

Then

Then let us Companions, be jovial and gay,
By turns take the Bottle and Lafs;
For he who his Pleasures puts off for a Day,
Deserves to be reckon'd an Afs, an Afs,
Deserves to be reckon'd an Afs,

S O N G XVIII.

WHEN first by fond *Damon*, *Favella* was seen,
He lightly regarded her Air and her Mein,
The Charms of her Mind he alone did commend,
Not warm as a Lover, but cool as a Friend
From Friendship, not Passion, his Raptures did move,
And he boasted his Heart was a Stranger to Love.

New Charms he discover'd, as more she was known,
Her Face grew a Wonder, her Taste was his own,
Her Manners were gentle, her Sense was refin'd,
And ev'ry dear Virtue beam'd forth in her Mind.
Still, still for the Sanction of Friendship he strove,
'Till a Sigh gave the Omen, and shew'd it was Love.

Now proud to be conquer'd he sighs for the Fair,
Grows dull to all Pleasure, but being with her.
He's mute, till his Heart-strings are ready to break;
For Fear of offending forbids him to speak;
And wanders a willing Example to prove,
That Friendship with Woman is Sister to Love.

A Lover thus conquer'd, can ne'er give Offence,
Not a Dupe to her Smiles, but a Slave to her Sense;
His Passion, not Wrinkles, nor Age can allay;
Since founded on that which can never decay:
And Time that can Beauty's short Empire remove,
Increasing her Reason, increases his Love.

SONG XIX.

DID you see e'er a Shepherd, ye Nymphs, pass
 this Way,
 Crown'd with Myrtle, and all the gay Verdure of
 May?
 'Tis my Shepherd, oh! bring him once more to my
 Eyes,
 From his *Lucy* in search of new Pleasures he flies,
 All Day have I travell'd and toil'd o'er the Plains,
 In pursuit of a Rebel, that's scarce worth my Pains,
In pursuit of a Rebel, that's scarce worth my Pains.

Take Care, Maids, take Care, when he flatters and
 swears,
 How you trust your own Eyes, or believe your own
 Ears.
 Like the Rose bud in *June*, ev'ry Hand the'll invite,
 But wound the kind Heart, like the Thorn out of
 Sight.
 And trust me, whoe'er my false Shepherd detains,
 She will find him a Conquest that's scarce worth her
 Pains,

She will find him a Conquest, &c.

Three Months at my Feet did he languish and sigh,
 E'er he gain'd a kind Look or a tender Reply;
 Love, Honour and Truth, were the Themes that
 he sung,
 And he swore that his Heart was a-kin to his Tongue;
 Too soon I believ'd and reply'd to his Strains,
 And gave him too frankly my Heart for his Pains.

And gave him, &c.

The

The Trifle once gain'd, like a Child at his Play,
Soon the Wanton grew weary and threw it away;
Now cloy'd with my Love, from my Arms he does fly,
In search of another as silly as I.
But trust me, whoe'er my false Shepherd detains,
She will find him a Conquest that's scarce worth her
Pains.

She will find him, &c.

Beware, all ye Nymphs, how you soothe the fond
Flame,
And believe me in Time all the Sex are the same;
Like my *Strephon* from Beauty to Beauty will range,
Like him they will flatter, dissemble, and change;
And do all we can, still this Maxim remains,
That a Man, when we've got him, is scarce worth
our Pains.

That a Man, &c.

S O N G XX.

YOU tell me I'm handsome, I know not how
true,
And easy, and chatty, and good humour'd too,
That my Lips are as red as the Rose-bud in *June*,
And my Voice like the Nightingale's sweetly in Tune;
All this has been told me by twenty before,
But he that would win me must flatter me more,
Must flatter, must flatter me more.

If Beauty from Virtue receive no Supply,
Or Prattle from Prudence, how wanting am I?
My Ease and good Humour, short Raptures will bring,
And my Voice, like the Nightingale's know but a
Spring.

D

For

For Charms such as these, then your Praises give o'er,
 To *Love* me for Life you must *Love* me still more.
Must Love me, must Love me still more.

Then talk not to me of a Shape or an Air,
 For *Chloe* the Wanton can rival me there ;
 'Tis Virtue alone that makes Beauty look gay,
 And brightens good Humour, as Sunshine the Day :
 For that if you *Love* me, your Flame may be true,
 And I in my Turn may be taught to *Love* too.
May be taught, may be taught to Love too.

SONG XXI.

VAIN is ev'ry fond Endeavour,
 To resist the tender Dart ;
 For Examples move us never,
 We must feel to know the Smart.

When the Shepherd swears he's dying,
 And our Beauties sets to View ;
 Vanity her Aid supplying,
 Bids us think 'tis all our due.

Softer than the vernal Breezes,
 Is the mild, deceitful Strain ;
 Frowning Truth our Sex displeases,
 Flatt'ry never sues in vain.

But too soon the happy *Lover*
 Does our tend'rest Hopes deceive ;
 Man was form'd to be a Rover,
 Foolish Woman to believe.

S O N G XXII.

I.

FROM Clime to Clime my Heart does rove,
Smells every Sweet, yet dares not love :
With wanton Beauty often fir'd,
But, ah! how vain when ne'er admir'd.

II.

I sing, I toy, with ev'ry Art,
T'envade the tender Virgin's Heart,
In gentle Murmurs tell my Pain.
But Tears are idle, Vows are vain.

III.

Ye Gods! am I the Man alone,
Of Love and Beauty doom'd the Scorn :
Must fordid Gold the Mind controul,
Enslave the Will, and bribe the Soul.

IV.

With strictest Scorn I'll treat the Sex,
And ne'er with Love my Heart perplex,
'Till *Cupid* send some gen'rous Fair,
To ease my Grief, and end my Care.

S O N G XXIII.

I.

AS thus the pensive Silvan stood,
And sighing view'd the reflux Flood ;
The Tritons gaz'd to hear him mourn,
And thus reply'd with vocal Horn.

II.

Forbear, dear Youth, the plaintive Song,
Nor blindly censure Fate with Wrong,

Fickle

Fickle *Strepson* coldly flies,
And constant *Amarillis* dies.

III.

Forbear, dear Youth, the plaintive Song,
Ec. Ec. Ec.

S O N G XXIV.

I.

W H E N I and my *Sally* together do stray,
The Birds sweetly whistles, and Lambkins do
play ;

No Monarch I Envy, no Danger I fear,
And am no more Mortal when *Sally* is near.
I run o'er her Features with Transports of Love,
And compare them with Angels Celestial above :
I enlarg'd on the Beauties and Charms of her Mind,
And Vow to be Constant, if she'll be but Kind.
And Vow to be Constant, if she'll be but Kind.

II.

She hears my Love-tale with a seeming Surprise,
While in Accents transporting the dear Charmer cries,
Was my Passion sincere, she my Flame wou'd reward.
And no Swain but myself should e'er gain her Regard.
I clasp'd the dear Maid, call'd the Powers above,
To witness our faithful Professions of Love ;
She blushes, and begs I'll no farther pursue,
And hopes as I promise, I'll ever be true.

III.

Then repeating my Vows, I her Fears soon annoy,
When I swear by bright Heav'n that her Charms can
ne'er cloy ?

Oh ! then we are lost in Confessions of Love,
And stop but at that which our Ruin would prove.
And

And thus having spent our short Time in Delight,
We part, being forc'd by the black Frowns of Night:
I blame the dull Moon, who our Terrors begun,
And wish for one Night it would rival the Sun.

S O N G XXV.

DELIA.

I.

TH O' Winter's rude Prospects begin to draw near,
And *Flora's* gay Beauties will soon disappear:
While *Delia* is with me how charming the Scene,
The Fields and the Meadows seem cover'd with Green:
The Fields, &c.

II.

The Charms of my *Delia* will never decay,
And when she is present *December is May*;
Tho' the Rays of bright *Phæbus* awhile may decline,
Her Eyes shall supply them, and brighter shall shine.

III.

The Groves, which the Nightingales us'd to resound,
Must now all submit to a more pleasing Sound:
Her Voice which surpasses the Nightingale's Song,
Shall charm me with Melody all the Day long.

IV.

Her Charms shall afford me what Nature denies,
And each Time I see her new Joys will arise:
In her Absence alone I sad shall appear,
For blest with her Presence 'tis *May* all the Year.

SONG XXVI.

The INCONSTANT.

I.

WHEN first I *Celia's* Face beheld,
 Methought her Charms were killing:
 All thought of *Chloe* I expel'd;
 To *Celia* I was willing.

II.

I strove to win, but vainly strove,
 Her Love and kind Affection:
 The more that she despis'd my Love,
 The more I 'spy'd Perfection.

III.

At last by wooing she prov'd kind,
 She lov'd me quite sincerely:
 The Thought of Bliss fill'd up my Mind,
 Since I had gain'd her dearly.

IV.

But e'er a Year we'd married been,
 Connubial Joys expir'd:
 Our wonted Bliss could not be seen,
 For each, or one, was tir'd.

V.

Time paul'd our Love, all Bliss was fled,
 We both to part was willing:
 But had we lov'd as first we did,
 'This Parting had been killing.

VI

Short Time when we had parted been,
 To meet did each endeavour:
 Our Loves was fresh renew'd again,
 And happier now than ever.

SONG XXVII.

I.

AH! cruel Beauty! could you prove,
More tender, or less fair;
You neither should provoke my Love,
Nor cause me to despair.
Nor cause me to despair.

II.

But your dissembling charming Eyes,
My easy Hopes beguiles;
And tho' a Rock beneath them lies,
The tempting Surface smiles.

III.

To what your Sex on ours impos'd,
My humble Love comply'd:
And when my Secret I disclos'd,
Thought Modesty deny'd.

IV.

Yes sure, said I, her yielding Heart,
Partakes of my Desire:
But nicer Honour fains the Part,
To hide the rising Fire.

SONG XXVIII.

Power of Musick.

I.

WHO would despair or pine with Grief,
Since Musick brings a sure Relief.
If pensive Thoughts the Soul alarms,
They're soon repell'd by Musick's Charms.

E 2

II.

II.

The captive Slave forgets his Chains,
 When mov'd by sweet harmonious Strains:
 Poets to Musick yield their Bays,
 It's Powers divine such Transports raise.
Poets to Musick, &c.

S O N G XXIX.

The SILENT FAIR.

FROM all the Fair loquacious Kind,
 So different is my *Rosalind*,
 So different is my *Rosalind*;
 That not one Accent can I gain,
 To Crown my Hopes, or sooth my Pain,
 That not one Accent can I gain,
 To Crown my Hopes, or sooth my Pain.

II.

Ye Lovers who can construe Sighs,
 And are the Interpreters of Eyes:
 To Language all your Looks translate,
 And in her Gestures read my Fate.

III.

And if in them you chance to find,
 Ought that is gentle, ought that's kind:
 Adieu mean Hopes of being great,
 And all the Littleness of Fate.

IV.

All Thoughts of Grandeur I'll despise,
 That from Dependance take their Rise;
 To serve her shall be my Employ,
 And Love's sweet Agony my Joy.

S O N G X X X.

HOW blest has my Time been! what Days have I
known,
Since Wedlock's soft Bondage made *Jessy* my own!
So joyful my Heart is, so easy my Chain,
That Freedom is tasteless, and Roving a Pain,
That Freedom is tasteless, and Roving a Pain.

Thro' Walks grown with Wood-bines, as often we
stray,
Around us, our Boys and Girls frolick and play;
Tho' pleasing their Sport is, the wanton ones see
They borrow their Looks from my *Jessy* and me;
They borrow, &c.

To try her sweet Temper oft'times am I seen
In Revels all Day with the Nymphs of the Green:
Tho' painful my Absence, my Doubts she beguiles,
And meets me at Night with Compliance and Smiles,
And meets me at Night, &c.

What tho' on her Cheeks the Rose loses its Hue,
Her Ease and good Humour bloom all the Year thro':
Time still, as he flies, adds Increase to her Truth,
And gives to her Mind what he steals from her Youth,
And gives to her Mind, &c.

Ye Shepherds so gay, who make Love to insnare,
And cheat with false Vows the too credulous Fair;
In search of true Pleasure, how vainly you roam?
To hold it for Life, you must find it at Home;
To hold it for Life, you must find it at Home.

SONG XXXI.

An Invitation to the SPRING.

I.

GIVE Ear, O ye Shepherds, the Spring's in full
Prime,

Let's raise gentle Sonnets to the Goddess of Rhime;

Lets raise gentle Sonnets to the Goddess of Rhime :

Whose Residence chiefly's yon calm Retreat,

Where the blooming young Wood Nymphs their
Love-tales repeat.

Where the blooming young Wood Nymphs their
Love-tales repeat.

II.

Behold yon fair Palace, where *Cupid* remains,

Who fashions strong Fetters to bind raptur'd Swains ;

His Bows and his Arrows, his Quivers and Darts,

He prepares witless Virgins to vanquish your Hearts.

He prepares, &c.

III.

But I'll not regard him when at the next Wake,

While in the large City some Pastime I take :

I'll steel my fond Bosom against Love's Alarms,

For *William* was only ordain'd for my Charms.

For William, &c.

IV.

IV.

Should I meet the brave Hero on *Windfor* gay Plains,
Whom *Pope* speaks so well of, in pastoral Strains :
To Ditties sublimer my Voice will I raise,
In Strains as are suited to great *William's* Praise.
In Strains, &c.

V.

God send us a long and a prosperous Reign,
That *France* may ne'er harm us, united to *Spain* :
May the Sun shine for ever, and Flow'rs lively spring,
On *William* and *Edward*, on *George* and our King.
On William, &c.

S O N G XXXII.

Distress'd Shepherd.

I.

MY Hours, O ye Shepherds, pass'd sweetly away,
When *Jessy* went with me throughout the
whole Day.

She was so good humour'd, so chearful and kind,
No Cares or Vexations e'er ruff'd my Mind;
But since she has left me my Joys are all o'er,
Nor can I now rest in Contentment no more,
Unless the dear Wand'rer returns to the Shade,
To make a Swain happy who has been long sad.

II.

Those Willows and Hazels which once look'd so green.
Will never no more be so beautiful seen ;
Nor will the young Kidlings be half so much blest,
As they were, when of their sweet *Jessy* possess'd ;
The Fields lose their Sweetness, and all the gay Flow'rs,
Are wither'd and faded around in the Bow'rs,
The Plains look quite stupid as never was known,
Because she prefers to the Shades, the gay Town.

No

III.

No more I'll be Shepherd but instantly rove,
 In search of the fair one I value and Love,
 The World's but a Desert at best unto me,
 When I am bereft my dear *Jessy* of thee;
 My Scrip and my Sheep - Hook I won at the Wake,
 Last *Monday* thro' Madness in Shivers I break.
 I hang'd my Dog *Tray* too, and fled from the Rocks,
 And left to the Mercy of Wolves my rich Flocks.

IV.

When my Stocks are all vended, drest out in fine
 Cloaths,
 I'll shine in the City amongst the gay Beaux.
 Where I shall see *Jessy* and tell her my Mind,
 How I am quite wretched because she's unkind;
 If she shou'd dispise me and still at me frown,
 And slight me who once was a Swain of her own;
 I from a high Mountain will dash out my Brains,
 And so put an end to my Sorrow and Pains.

V.

I beg all Shepherds should this be my Doom,
 With Lillies and Roses ye'll dress out my Tomb:
 And write some soft Motto, that ages may tell,
 That the Cause of my Rashness was loving too well;
 But shou'd she prove kinder each Swain I'll invite,
 So turn all my Sorrows to Joy and Delight;
 In hopes former Coolness at last will but prove,
 As so many Motives to strengthen our Love.

SONG

S O N G XXXIII.

Fair SERENA.

I.

W H E N *Fair Serena* first I knew,
By Friendship's Happy Union charm'd:
Incessant Joys around me flew,
And gentle Smiles my Bosom warm'd,
Incessant Joy's around me flew,
And gentle Smiles my Bosom warm'd:
And gentle Smiles my Bosom warm'd.

II.

But when with fond officious Care,
I press'd to breath my am'rous Pain.
Her Lips spoke nought but cold Despair,
Her Eyes shot Ice thro' ev'ry Vain.

III.

Thus in *Italia's* lovely Vales,
The Sun his genial Vigour yields ;
Reviving Heat each Sense regales,
And Plenty crowns the smiling Fields.

IV.

When nearer we approach his Ray,
High on the *Alps* stupendous Bow ;
Surpriz'd we see pale Sun-Beams play,
On everlasting Hills of Snow.

SONG XXXIV.

COLLIN.

I.

YOUNG *Gellin* t'other Day at Wake,
 Did proffer Ribbons, Gloves, and Cake,
 To *Molly* of the Valley :
 But she despis'd the artful Swain,
 And threw him back his Gifts again ;
 Because he courted *Dolly*.
Because he courted Dolly.

II.

Full soon this brisk young Lad was seen,
 At Cudgels on the verdant Green,
 His Feits were all but Folly :
 Because the artful Loon before,
 Had try'd in vain thrice o'er and o'er,
 To Conquer modest *Dolly*.
To Conquer, &c.

III.

She told him all his Words were Wind,
 And quite despis'd him in her Mind,
 He then grew Melancholly :
 To find that both the Nymphs grew cool,
 And he alas ! had play'd the Fool ;
 In changing *Poll* for *Dolly*.
In changing, &c.

IV.

Thus fir'd with Anger at the two,
 He swore to Nymph he'd ne'er prove true,
 Nor live the shilly shally ;
 No more his Mind he'd e'er perplex,
 But quite despise the faithless Sex ;
 For Sake of *Moll* and *Dolly*.
For Sake, &c.

S O N G X X X V.

JESSY.

I.

THOU radiant Sun triumphant rise
And light my Fair one from the Skies,
Wherein the blissful Seats above,
Unrival'd reigns the Queen of Love.

Unrival'd reigns the Queen of Love.

II.

Haste haste and wake the sleeping Maid,
Beneath the fragrant Hawthorn Shade,
To Chear my Mind with Love oppress'd,
Let her give Joy, or know no Rest.

III.

Ye Pow'rs Divine whose constant Care,
Protects the faithless wand'ring Fair,
Conduct me to those happy Plains,
Where gentle Love and Jessy reigns.

IV.

Cou'd I the cruel Charmer find,
Cou'd fond Addresses melt the Mind,
In grateful Strains my Voice I'd raise,
Such Strains as suit my Jessy's Praise.

S O N G X X X V I.

GOD save great GEORGE, our King,
Long live our noble King.

God save the King:

Send him victorious,
Happy, and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King,

O Lord, our God, arise,
 Scatter his Enemies,
 And make them fall:
 Confound their Politics,
 Frustrate their knavish Tricks;
 On him our Hopes we fix,
 God save us all.

Thy choicest Gifts in Store,
 On *George* be pleas'd to pour.
 Long may he reign;
 May he defend our Laws,
 And ever give us Cause,
 To sing with Heart and Voice,
 God save the King.

S O N G XXXVII.

SMILE, smile *Britannia*, smile,
 Thy Genius comes again,
 To guard thy fruitful Isles,
 And thunder o'er the Main:
 Thy gallic Sons disdain the East,
 Now crown thee Mistress of the Seas.
 Now crown thee Mistress of the Seas.

While dauntless they advance,
 And bid the Cannons roar;
 They'll scourge the Pride of *France*,
 And shake th' Imperial Shore:
 Deriding Trumpets o'er the Waves,
 With Courage never known to Slaves,
 With Courage, &c.

The Deck distain'd with Blood,
 The Bullets wing'd with Fate;
 The wide and restless Flood,
 Cannot the Rage abate:
 In *Anson*, and in *Warren*, wake,
 The Souls of *Ruffel*, and of *Drake*,

The Souls, &c.

Britons, pursue the Blow,
 Like Sons of Freedom fight;
 Convince the haughty Foe,
 That you'll maintain your Right:
 Defiance bid to *France* and *Spain*,
 Assert your Empire o'er the Main,
 Assert your Empire o'er the Main.

S O N G XXXVIII.

BACCHUS's *Invitation*.

I.

YE Sons of the Bottle, ye *Choice Spirits* all,
 Rise, rise: O! Make haste, and attend to my
 Call:

'Tis *Bacchus* invites you, then *Bacchus* obey,
 O come, come, come, come, come, come, come,
 come away.

O come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come away.

II.

Let Mortals of Business, and Sons of dull Care,
 Who live in Suspence, both in Hope and in Fear;
 Ask me for Advice, and I'll give them a Bowl,
 Of Cordial, as Gods drink, to rouse up the Soul.

G

III.

III.

'Tis the Juice of the Grape that gives Heat to the Cold,
 Good-Nature to Misers, and Youth to the Old;
 Without its Assistance, soft Pleasure would cloy,
 Wine prompts us and fires us to Love and to Joy.

IV.

Wine makes the Maid kinder and willing to kiss,
 Till at length she consents and consummates your Bliss;
 Sweet *Venus* is wont e'er she leaps into Bed,
 To take a full Glass to enliven her Head.

V.

Then ye good Fellows all to my Table repair,
 And empty the Bottles that stand for you there;
 Who flinches his Bumper, or puts by his Glass,
 Is not fit for a Wench—I pronounce him an A's.

S O N G XXXIX.

I.

WOULD you think it my Duck, (for the Fault
 I must own,)

Your *Jenny*, at last, is quite Covetous grown,
 'Tho' Millions of Fortune, shou'd lavishly pour,
 I still shou'd be wretched, if I had not more.

II.

As gay as I am, I cou'd spend half my Days,
 In Dances and Op'ras, Ridottes and Plays;
 Their Fate your poor *Jenny* with Tears cou'd implore,
 But, alas, my dear Girl, what are these without more.

III.

Tis the same Thing with Pleasure, with Money with
 Men,

And I think I shall never be happy again;
 I've Lovers and Praters, and Dangers good Store,
 And yet like true Woman, I still sigh for more.

IV.

IV.

Mamma, she crys *Jenny*, why all this ado,
You may have a Husband, you know, Child, or two ;
But I pouted and whimper'd, and fretted and swore,
That I wou'd not have any, unless I had more.

V.

The Giant, poor Devil, has just now been here,
And has offer'd to settle Eight Hundred a Year ;
But I answer'd the Wretch, as I once did before,
You know it wo'nt do, Sir, for I must have more.

VI.

Tho' the Fool I despise, thou'd bespatter my Fame,
Yet I think I'm as wise as some Folks I cou'd name ;
I but worship that Idol which others adore,
For those that have Thousands wou'd gladly have more.

VII.

Now in spite of this craving, I vow and protest,
That Avarice ne'er had a Place in my Breast ;
For I swear I'd not envy the Miser his Store,
Had I but enough for myself and one more.

VIII.

You will wonder, my Girl, who this dear one can be,
Whose Merit can boast such a Conquest as me ;
But you shan't know his Name, tho' I told you before,
It begins with an M, but I dare not say more.

S O N G X L.

Love at first Sight.

I.

WHEN I survey thy matchless Face,
Sure never a raptur'd Lover,
Could in a Nymph such Beauties trace,
As I in you discover.

When at your Window you appear,
 Bright as the rising Sun;
 Why gaze I simple Shepherd here,
 And seek to be undone.
And seek to be undone.

II.

O grant at least my charming Maid,
 Your Pity for my Pain;
 And if to love you are affraid,
 Fear also to disdain.
Fear also, &c.

III.

Take me my dearest to thy Breast,
 And all my Pains destroy;
 Reflect that I can never rest,
 While you continue coy.
While you, &c.

IV.

'Tis you alone that can procure,
 A Medicine to remove;
 The cruel Pains that I endure,
 From unsuccessful Love.
From unsuccessful, &c.

V.

Know beauteous Maid the fairest Flowers,
 By Time and Years decay;
 And tho' you slight your faithful Wooers,
 To Worms you'll be a Prey.
To Worms, &c.

S O N G XLI.

I.

OUR WILLIE was made a Kirk Elder,
I wish they may na' him scorn:
For now he will say us a Grace,
As long as the Day and the Morn.
He'll pray for the Downfa' o' the *Irish*,
And the Pride o' the Pope may na' stand,
Na' Deel a Hair our black Gowns is better,
They eat up the Fat o' the Land.

II.

When WILLIE was gean to Communion,
He met MAGGIE and laid her down,
He kilted her Coats o'er her Belly,
Laid her Bible an under her Croun,
If a' the Truth I wou'd tell you,
Sic Pride as this will ne'er stand,
For the Elders they mow a' the Lasse,
And that's quite against the Command.

III.

When WILLIE came Hame frae the Preaching,
At E'en he fa' to his Prayers,
He pray'd against Bishops and Curates,
Priests, Monks, and Fryars,
And a the Rest of the Clergy,
That eats up the Tythes of the Corn,
That the Deel he may thrust out their Een,
And blaw them stane blind e'er the Morn.

SONG XLII.

The SEX.

I.

AS *Jocky* was walking one *Midsummer's* Morn,
 He sat him down careless beneath a green Thorn;
 He had not sat long 'till a Damsel came by,
 To whom *Jocky* sent forth a languishing Eye:
 A languish, a languish, a languishing Eye.
 Did you see, says the Fair One, a fleec'd brindled
 Ramb,
 With two little Lambkins trot each by their Dam;
 If you did, gentle Shepherd, pray tell me which Way,
 The innocent Rovers neglectfully stray.

II.

He told her he saw them pass hastily by,
 And make to the Copse, tho', in Faith, 'twas a Lie:
 The Damsel she curtsy'd, and thank'd with a Blush,
 But *Jocky* stole after, and lurk'd in a Bush.
 She search'd the Copse over, tho' no Sheep cou'd she
 find,
 And heartily curs'd the young Swain in her Mind,
 She found she was trick'd, but alas! silly Maid,
 She knew not the Snare was so artfully laid.

III.

The Shepherd appear'd, and, says he, pretty Maid,
 Thy Ewes, and thy Lambkins have happily stray'd,
 Then sprung to her closely, and ravish'd a Kiss,
 But the Maiden seem'd coy, and cry'd fye, 'twas
 amiss.

Howe'er, as her Friends little Liberty gave,
 She left her old Gaffar to trust a young Knave,
 And now tho' her Sheep are all safe in the Pen,
 She visits the Copse o'er ag'in, and again.

SONG

S O N G XLIH.

I.

TH E Fool that is wealthy is sure of a Bride,
For Riches like Fig-leaves their Nakedness
hide ;

The Slave that is poor, must starve all his Life,
In a Batchelor's Bed, without Mistress or Wife,
In a Batchelor's Bed, without Mistress or Wife.

II.

In the good Days of yore,
They ne'er troubled their Heads ;
In settling of Jointers,
Or making of Deeds :
But *Adam and Eve*,
When first enter'd Course,
E'en took one another,
For better for worse.

III.

Then prithee dear *Cloe*,
Ne'er aim to be great ;
Let Love be thy Joinder,
Ne'er mind an Estate,
You ne'er can be poor,
Who have all those Charms,
And I shall be rich,
When I've you in my Arms.

SONG XLIV.

A Drinking SONG.

I.

TO some petty Sinner go wheedle and whine,
 Who knows not the Value of orthodox Wine;
 I'm resolv'd I will drink on and die,
 I'm resolv'd I will drink on and die,
 Your Advice may be good, but I've no Time to spare,
 Here bring me some Wine,
 Here bring me some Wine, I can't possibly bear,
 For I'll lose not a Minute, not I, not I,
 For I'll lose not a Minute, not I,
 For I'll lose not a Minute, not I, not I,
 For I'll lose not a Minute, not I,
 For I'll lose not a Minute, not I, not I,
 For I'll lose not a Minute, not I.

II.

That terrible Blade *Alexander* by Name,
 Who makes such a Noise in the Annals of Fame,
 Owes it all to the Juice of the Vine;
 That he might not lose Time, which he ne'er could
 retrieve,
 He had always in Battle a 'Squire at his Sleeve,
 To supply him each Minute with Wine.
To supply him, &c.

III.

'Twas Wine made the Universe quake at his NoI,
 For each Bumper he drank made him fight like a God;
 Such Courage did *Bacchus* inspire,
 So wide were his Conquest, so boundless his Rage,
 That this World for his Arms was too narrow a Stage,
 And he long'd to set others on Fire.
And he long'd, &c.

IV.

IV.

Poor tottering Reason thou'lt tumble I fear,
Down tumble thou sad Antichristian to Beer,
And Mirth from thy Ruin shall rise ;
If Wisdom says, I must go sober to Bed,
I Vow and protest I'll be deaf, dumb, and dead,
If I'll e'er be so foolishly wise.
If I'll e'er be, &c.

S O N G XLV.

WHEN *Britain* first, at Heav'n's Command,
Arose from out the azure Main,
This was the Charter of the Land,
And guardian Angles sung this Strain :
Rule, Britannia, rule the Waves ;
Britons never will be Slaves.

The Nations, not so blest as thee,
Must in their Turns to Tyrants fall ;
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The Dread and Envy of them all.
Rule, Britannia, rule the Waves ;
Britons never will be Slaves.

Should War, should Faction shake thy Isle,
And sink to Poverty and Shame ;
Heav'n still shall on *Britannia* smile.
Restore her Wealth, and raise her Name.
Rule Britannia, rule the Waves ;
Britons never will be Slaves.

As the loud Blast, that tears thy Skies,
 Serves but to root thy native Oak :
 Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 From foreign, from domestic Stroke.
Rule, Britannia, rule the Waves ;
Britons never will be Slaves.

How blest the Prince, reserv'd by Fate,
 In adverse Days to mount thy Throne!
 Renew thy once triumphant State,
 And on thy Grandeur build his own !
Rule Britannia, rule the Waves ;
Britons never will be Slaves.

His Race shall long, in Times to come
 So Heav'n ordains, thy Sceptre wield ;
 Rever'd Abroad, belov'd at Home,
 And be at once thy Sword and Shield.
Rule, Britannia, rule the Waves ;

S O N G XLVI.

TO dear *Amaryllis* young *Stephen* had long,
 Declar'd his fix'd Passion, and do'd for in Song ;
 He went one *May* Morning to meet in the Grove,
 By her own dear Appointment this Goddess of Love ;
 Mean while in his Mind all her Charms he ran o'er,
 And doated on each ; *can a Lover do more ?*

He waited, and waited, then changing his Strain,
 'Twas Fury, and Rage, and Despair, and Disdain :
 The Sun was commanded to hide his dull Light,
 And the whole Course of Nature was alter'd down-
 right.

'Twas his hapless Fortune to die and adore,
 But never to change ; *can a Lover do more ?*

Cleora,

Cleroa, it hap'd, was by Accident there,
 No Rose-bud so tempting, no Lilly so fair ;
 He press'd her white Hand, next her Lips he assay'd,
 Nor would she deny him, so civil the Maid !
 Her kindly Compliance his Peace did restore,
 And dear *Amaryllis* was thought of no more.

S O N G XLVII.

YE Swains that are courting a Maid,
 Be warn'd and instructed by me ;
 Tho' small Experience I've had,
 I'll give you good Counsel and free :
 For Women are changeable Things,
 And seldom a Moment the same ;
 As Time a Variety brings,
 Their Looks new Humours proclaim,
Their Looks new Humours proclaim.

But he who in Love would succeed,
 And his Mistress's Favour obtain,
 Must mind it as sure as his Creed,
 To make Hay while the Sun is serene ;
 There's a Season to conquer the Fair,
 And that's when they're merry and gay ;
 To catch the Occasion take Care,
 When 'tis gone, in vain you'll assay,
When 'tis gone, in vain you'll assay,

SONG XLVIII.

The impartial Advise, by Mr John Atfield.

I.

THE Miser securely may soon sit at Home,
 And Pilly unguarded may rove,
 Then Madam may trust her dear Darling alone,
 Nor fear the soft Passion of Love.
 Nor fear the soft Passion of Love.
 The Government kind do provide for their Care,
 That with Peace their grey Hairs may be crown'd,
 Determin'd alone those their Daughters shall have,
 Who equal in Riches abound.
 Who equal in Riches abound.

II.

Ye Lasses who generous Hearts do possess,
 And scorn any merc'nary View,
 Resolve then at once that the Man you will bless,
 Who by Merit has strove to gain you :
 Regardless of Interest, let burn the bright Flame,
 Since Happiness you can but have ;
 Be constant, be kind, be always the same,
 And by Gratitude bind the fond Slave.

III.

The Time now's your own, nor let it pass by,
 But seize the swift Minutes as flying ;
 Lest gone, you repent you ever was coy,
 And despis'd the true Swain for you dying :
 So will Love all the Night, and Peace all the Day,
 Crown with Blessings your Life to the last,
 And envious old Age can never allay,
 Thoughts enraptur'd with Joys that are past.

SONG

SONG XLIX.

Advice to CUPID.

I.

CUPID, since thou can'st not see,
Prithee now be led by me,
To *Minerva* strait repair,
And implore her Guardian Care ;
Would'st thou make thy Power compleat,
Lay thy Arrows at her Feet.

II.

Throw each foolish Shaft away,
Or they'll ever go astray,
Beg her to new dress thy Store,
And with Wisdom Cafe 'em o'er :
Tipt with Reason then they'll fly,
Nor can ever go awry.

SONG L.

I.

A Nymph there lives whom many a Swain,
Has sigh'd for oft, but sigh'd in vain ;
And born the Insult and Disdain,
Of proud, but handsome *Molly*.
Of proud, but handsome Molly.

II.

The Charms that deckt this fav'rite Maid,
In Verse and Prose were sung and said ;
(For Wits will write, and Beaux may read,)
On happy, happy *Molly*.

I

III,

III.

Too long coquetted the vain Fair,
Time, that ev'n Beauty scorns to spare,
Stole o'er the Eyes, the Cheeks, the Hair,
Of silly heedless *Molly*.

IV.

Unheeded now at Ball or Play,
She hates the Pretty, blames the Gay ;
Ah ! who one tender Thing will say,
To poor deserted *Molly*.

V.

Yet still she ling'ring haunts the Scene,
Where once she acted Beauty's Queen ;
And ev'ry simple Heart had been
The Slave of Tyrant *Molly*.

VI.

At length, with fruitless Hope worn out,
She quits the giddy youthful Rout,
And turns so monstrously devout,
No Saint was e'er like *Molly*.

S O N G L I.

The MAYING.

I.

AS I rambled one Morning a *Maying*,
Where the Cousslips and Primrose were spread,
Young *Damon* I found too was straying,
But he sigh'd, and he hung down his Head,
I tun'd up a Love pleasing Ditty,
He started and sprung to my Arms ;
He swore that my Sonnet was pretty,
And said, he could feast on my Charms.

II.

II.

I said that Men always would flatter,
 And Women too fondly believe;
 He said I knew nought of the Matter,
 But try him, he ne'er wou'd deceive,
 He kiss'd me while cover'd with Blushes,
 Denial I faintly put on,
 To my Bosom his Hands then he pushes,
 While I cry'd, *fy*e *Damon* have done.

III.

He said a Green Gown he would give me,
 I vow'd he was foolish and rude,
 He did it, and if you'll believe me,
 Might have done it again if he cou'd.
 Then Maidens come with me a roving,
 I'll shew you the Place where I lay;
 And you'll find there's no Season for loving,
 Like what I have found in the *May*.

S O N G LII.

MATRIMONIAL DEAFNESS.

I.

TWO Ears at a Time are two many for Use,
 When they're only the Inlet of Strife,
 But few they are found who, tho' wise, would refuse
 To possess the fair Organs of Life:
 Yet Deafness some Times of Advantage is found,
 Misfortunes may turn to a Blessing;
 For when Nonsense distract, or when Tumults
 surround,
 They then lose the Power of distressing.

II.

Hence I wisely am taught to be deaf of one Ear,
 While the other for use I employ,
 One Gate I shut up against Trouble and Care,
 And the other keep open for Joy ;
 When my Consort begins her loud Windpipe to clear,
 With a Peal would the World rend asunder,
 Seienely I sit and I coek my deaf Ear,
 Unmov'd 'midst the Roar of the Thunder.

III.

T'other Day comes a Dun, with good Sir ! you well
 know :

What say you ? speak louder a little ;
 You know, Sir, you borrow'd three twelve Months ago,
 Alas ! Friend, I can't hear a Tittle.
 You owe me ten Pounds then louder he cries,
 And repeats it as strong as he can ;
 I point to my Ears, and I lift up my Eyes,
 'Till he hardly can think me the Man.

IV.

I, as grave as a Don, cry, — My Hearing's quite lost ;
 And my Money, says he, too, I fear ;
 Pox on him, 'tis Folly to talk to a Post,
 So he leaves me as mad as a Hare.
 Thus my Life Night and Day in soft Indolence flows,
 Scolding, Dunning, nor Brawling I fear :
 Ye married Men all, as ye wish for Repose,
 Be sure to be deaf of one Ear.

S O N G LIII.

Sung by Mr. BEARD.

I.

TO an Arbour of Woodbine ye both shall be led,
Soft Leaves for your Pillow, the Grass for
your Bed :

Soft Leaves for your Pillow, the Grass for your Bed :
Wanton young Sparrows chirp over your Head,
All under the Greenwood Shade.

All under the Greenwood Shade.

II.

When the Moon with pale Lustre just thro' the Grove,
And Nightingales answer the chaste Turtle Dove,
The Maid without blushing shall clasp her true Love,
All under the Greenwood Shade.

III.

Our Pleasure, quite harmless, begins with the Day,
We ever are buxom, we ever are gay,
No Virgins dissemble, no Shepherd betray,
All under the Greenwood Shade.

IV.

Tho' Frowns for a while arm the Face of the Fair,
Yet soon our young Lover forgets all his Care,
For *Phillis* cries, Do not, oh ! do not despair,
All under the Greenwood Shade.

SONG LIV.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

WHEN Blushes dy'd the Cheeks of Morn,
 And Dew-drops glisten'd on the Thorn;
 When Skylarks tun'd their Carols sweet,
 To hail the God of Light and Heat,
Philander from his downy Bed,
 To fair *Licetta's* Chamber sped;
 Crying, Awake sweet Love of mine,
 I'm come to be thy *Valentine*.
Awake, awake, sweet Love of mine,
I'm come to be thy Valentine.

Soft Love, that balmy Sleep denies,
 Had long unveil'd her brilliant Eyes,
 Which, that a Kiss she might obtain,
 She artfully had clos'd again:
 He sunk, thus caught in Beauty's Trap,
 Like *Phæbus* into *Thetis' Lap*,
 And near forgot that his Design
 Was but to be her *Valentine*.

She starting, cry'd, I am undone!
Philander, charming Youth! begone,
 For this Time, to your Vows sincere,
 Make Virtue, not your Love, appear:
 No Sleep has clos'd these watchful Eyes;
 Forgive the simple, fond Disguise:
 To generous Thoughts your Heart incline,
 And be my faithful *Valentine*.

The brutal Passion sudden fled,
 Fair Honour govern'd in its Stead;

And

And both agreed, e'er setting Sun,
To join two virtuous Hearts in one:
Their beauteous Offspring soon did prove
The sweet Effects of mutual Love:
And from that Hour, to Life's Decline,
She blest'd the Day of *Valentine*.

SONG LV.

The Shepherd's Resolution.

I.

YOUNG *Colin*, the blitheſt upon the gay Green,
The Arrows of *Cupid* deſy'd;
A Shepherd ſo happy ſure never was ſeen,
He conquer'd each Female he try'd,
He conquer'd each Female he try'd,
Poor *Silvia*, poor *Daphne*, poor *Chloe*, in vain,
In Hopes to be wedded had tarried,
He kiſſed them and preſſed, but this was his Strain,
I'd rather be hang'd than be Married.
I'd rather be hang'd,
I'd rather be hang'd, than be Married.

II.

How weak his Reſolves when fair *Delia* he ſaw,
She warm'd the cold Heart in his Breſt;
He look'd and he lov'd, and approach'd her with Awe,
And ſoftly his Wiſhes expreſt.
Bright Virtue adorn'd her, he found in the Maid,
A Charm he before ne'er had parried,
He ſigh'd, and he trembled, and cry'd, I'm afraid
'Tis worſe to be hang'd than be Married.

Ah!

Ah! pitty sweet Goddes ! the Convert you've made,
 To *Hymen* our Vows let us pay ;
 No, live an Example, the Shepherdes said,
 And teach all your Sex to obey.
 The Youths and the Lasses, thus jeer the poor Swain,
 Now where's the proud Heart that you carried,
 And sighing, he utters alone on the Plain,
 Ye Powers, Oh ! let me be Married.

S O N G LVI.

I.

WHAT *Cato* advises, most certainly wise is,
 Not always to labour, but sometimes to play
 To mingle sweet Pleasure with Search after Treasure,
 Indulging at Night for the Toils of the Day :
 And while the dull Miser esteems himself wiser,
 His Bags to encrease, while his Health does decay ;
 Our Souls we enlighten, our Fancies we brighten,
 And pass the long Ev'nings in Pleasure away.

II

All chearful and hearty, we set aside Party,
 With some tender Fair the bright Bumper is
 crown'd ;
 Thus *Bacchus* invites us, and *Venus* delights us,
 While Care in an Ocean of Claret is drown'd :
 See here's our Physician, we know no Ambition,
 But where there's good Wine and good Company
 found ;
 Thus happy together, in spite of all Weather,
 'Tis Sunshine and Summer with us the Year round.

SONG LVII.

HOW pleasing is Beauty, how sweet are the
Charms,
How delightful Embraces, how peaceful her Arms !
Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to *Love*,
'Tis taught us on Earth, and by all Things above ;
And to Beauty's bright Standard, all Heroes must
yield,
For 'tis Beauty that conquers and keeps the fair Field.

SONG LVIII.

WITH Horns and with Hounds I waken the Day,
And hie to my Woodland-Walks away ;
I tuck up m. Robe, and am buskin'd soon,
And tie to my Forehead a waxing Moon ;
I course the fleet Stag, unkennel the Fox,
And chace the wild Goats o'er Summits of Rocks :
With Shouting, and Hooting, we pierce thro' the Sky,
And Echo turns Hunter and doubles the Cry.

SONG LIX.

FLY swiftly ye Minutes, 'till *Comus* receive
The nameless soft Transports that Beauty can
give ;
The Bowl's frolick Joys let him teach her to prove,
And she in return yields the Raptures of Love.
And she in return yields the Raptures of Love.
Without Love and Wine Wit and Beauty are vain,
All Grandeur insipid, and Riches a Pain.

'The most splendid Palace grows dark as the Grave,
 Love and Wine give, ye Gods! or take back what
 ye gave,
 Love and Wine give, ye Gods! or take back what
 ye gave.

S O N G L X.

NOW *Phæbus* sinketh in the West,
 Welcome Song, and welcome Jest;
 Midnight Shouts and Revelry,
 Tipsy, Dance, and Jollity:
 Braid your Locks with rosy Twine,
 Dropping Odours, dropping Wine,
 Braid your Locks with rosy Twine,
 Dropping Odours, dropping Wine.

Rigour now is gone to Bed,
 And Advice with scrup'lous Head;
 Strict Age, and sour Severity,
 With their grave Saws in Slumber lie.
 With their grave Saws in Slumber lie.

S O N G L X I.

I.

THE lazy Morn as yet undrest,
 My blooming Nymph breaks from her East,
 Runs Usher to the Sun in haste,
 Who *Phillis* takes for *Venus*.
Who Phillis takes for Venus.

III.

II.

Triumphant now the shrill Cock cries.
And warns the lab'ring Swain to rise;
The waking Swains start with Surprise.
And blefs the Name of *Phillis*.

And blefs, &c.

III.

The Birds their Mattins then began,
And whistling Winds all Nature fan;
Tho' awaken'd Earth pours forth on Man
The Odours of my *Phillis*.

The Odours, &c.

IV.

From out their Beds the Flow'rs arise,
And tow'ring emulate the Skies;
And he that for their Colour vies,
Must view the Cheeks of *Phillis*.

Must view, &c.

V.

The Sun amaz'd at Pow'r so great,
At last appears in all his State;
But she withdrew her pow'rfull Heat,
So kind was charming *Phillis*.

So kind, &c.

VI.

Pleas'd with the Spot, she judg'd it right,
Recall'd her Beams, yet made no Night;
And left the Sun, her Curate Light,
To own the Pow'r of *Phillis*.

To own, &c.

S O N G

SONG LXII.

*The BACCHANALIANS.**Sung by Mr. HOWARD.*

I.

WINE, Wine is alone the brisk Fountain of
Mirth,

Whence Jollity springs, and Contentment has Birth;
What Mortal, so happy as we who combine,
And fix our Delight in the Juice of the Wine?
No Care interrupts when the Bottle's in View.
'Then Glafs after Glafs my Boys let us pursue.
No Care interrupts, when the Bottle's in View,
Then Glafs after Glafs my Boys lets us pursue.

II.

Our Laws are our own, not enforc'd by the Crown,
And we stand to them fair, 'till we fairly fall down:
At Acts of Repeals we disdain to repine,
Nor grudge any Tax, but the Tax on our Wine,
To *Cæsar* to *Bacchus* our Tribute is due,
Then Glafs after Glafs my Boys let us pursue.
To Cæsar, &c.

III.

His Worship so grave here may revel and roar,
The Lawyer speak Truth, who ne'er spoke so before,
The Parson here stript off his Priesthood's Disguise,
And *Chloe's* scorn'd Lover get drunk and grow wise,
The Husband may learn here to combat the Shrew,
So Glafs after Glafs my Boys let us pursue.
The Husband, &c.

IV.

The Chace of the Bottle few Accidents wait,
 We seldom break Necks, tho' oft crack a Pate,
 If Wars rise among us, they soon again cease,
 One Bumper brings Truce, and another brings Peace,
 'Tis this way alone we Life's Evils subdue,
 Then Glass after Glass my Boys let us pursue.
'Tis this way, &c.

S O N G LXIII.

.I

THIS World is a Stage,
 On which Mankind engage,
 And each act his Part in a Throng:
 But all is Confusion,
 Meer Folly, Delusion,
 And Faith nothing else but a Song ;
 A Song, a Song,
And Faith nothing else but a Song.

II.

The Parson so grave,
 Says your Soul he will save,
 And point the right Way from the wrong,
 After piously teaching,
 And long winded Preaching,
 He puts off his Flock with a Song:

III.

The Doctor he fills,
 You with Bolus and Pills,
 With Assurance to make you live long;
 But believe me 'tis true,
 The Guineas in View,
 And the Rest is all but a Song.

L

IV.

IV.

The Surgeon so bold,
 His Lancet doth hold,
 And slashes your Body along ;
 Small Wounds he enlarges,
 To swell up your Charges,
 His Art like the Rest is a Song.

V.

The Soldier he rattles,
 Of Sieges and Battles,
 And Actions that he's been among.
 His Preferment and Spirit,
 Are both like his Merit ;
 You see they are bought for a Song.

VI.

The Master he crys,
 See the Clouds how they rise ;
 Up aloft my brisk Lads it blows strong ;
 Boy make us some Flip,
 And I'll warrant the Ship,
 Will soon reach her Port is his Song.

VII.

Vers'd in Quirks and in Quibbles,
 The Lawyer he scribbles,
 And moves his melleffluous Tongue ;
 'Twixt a Demur and Vacation,
 He'll raise Expectation,
 Then sink your Estate to a Song.

VIII.

The Merchant is bent,
 On his Twenty per Cent,
 To him Journal and Leidger belong ;
 Commission with Charges,
 His Profit enlarges,
 'Till his Balance may end in a Song.

IX.

With Powder and Lace,
And effeminate Face,
The gay Fop behold strutting along ;
Just arriv'd from his Travels,
At nothing he levels,
But just at a Dance and a Song.

X.

The gentle Coquet,
She's all in a Fret,
In the Morn if her Toilet be wrong ;
The whole Day she will pass,
To consult her dear Glass,
And at Night die away with a Song.

XI.

The surly old Prude,
She will say you're rude,
For the Bliss tho' she secretly long ;
But take her aside,
You may manage her Pride,
And her Virtue bring down to a Song.

XII.

The Courtier he smiles,
At the Time he beguiles,
And feed you with Promises long ;
He squeezes your Hand,
And calls you his Friend,
Tho' he means nothing more than a Song.

XIII.

Then let us be jolly,
Drive hence Melancholly,
Since we are brave Fellows among ;
Taste Life as it passes,
And fill up our Glasses,
And each honest Blade sing a Song.

S O N G LXIV.

I.

WHEN first I saw fair *Fanny's* Eyes,
 With Wonder and Delight,
 I Thought the Sun forsook the Skies,
 She shone so heavenly bright.
She shone so heavenly bright.

II.

Thy lovely Cheeks of Rose at Hue,
 Diffus'd a Bloom so red ;
 Which did in Lustre far out glow,
 The Rose's blushing Shade.

III.

But for thy killing Shape and Air,
 What Painter can express ;
 Should they attempt those Charms you wear,
 They'd shew your Beauties less.

IV.

The Hand of some diviner Pow'r,
 Such Excellence must draw ;
 Which at thy Birth one blisful Hour,
 Bestow'd the Worth I saw.

V.

A Nymph so fair will never dwell,
 Unsought in *Bromley's* Shade ;
 For Gods and Angels must rebell,
 And snatch to Heav'n the Maid.

SONG LXV.

The PLAIN DEALER.

Set by Mr. CURTIS, Jun.

I.

I'LL tell you what, Dear Betty,
I own you're wond'rous pretty ;
I own, I own,
I own, you're wond'rous pretty ;
I also confess,
Your elegant Dress,
And that you're passing witty,
And that you're, and that you're,
And that you're, passing witty.

II.

But let not Vanity fool ye,
For I must tell you truly,
I ne'er can abide,
To worship your Pride ;
My Will is so unruly.

III.

I'm not the Fool you'd have me,
No Tyrant shall enslave me ;
No Female alive,
Me e'er shall deprive,
Of Liberty Nature gave me.

IV.

Tho' Beauty at first inclin'd me,
Good Humour alone must bind me ;
So if you think fit,
Your teasing to quit,
A faithful Lover you'll find me.

SONG LXVI.

The RESOLVE.

I.

I AM confirm'd a Woman can,
 Love this, or that, or any Man;
 This Day her Love is melting hot,
 To-morrow swears she knows you not.
To-morrow swears she knows you not.
 Let her but a new Object find,
 And she is of another Mind;
 Then hang me Ladies at your Door
 If e'er I doat upon you more.
If e'er I doat upon you more.

II.

Yet still I'll love the Fair one, why?
 For nothing but to please my Eye;
 And so the fat and soft skinn'd Dame,
 I'll flatter to appease my Flame;
 For her that's musical I'll long,
 When I am sad to sing a Song.
But hang me Ladies, &c.

III.

I'll give my Fancy Leave to range,
 Through every Face, to find out Change:
 The Black, the Brown, the Fair shall be,
 But Objects of Variety;
 I'll Court you all to serve my Turn,
 But with such Flames as shall not burn.
For hang me Ladies, &c.

SONG LXVII.

I.

SO brightly sweet fair *Nanny's* Eyes,
 Their rising Beams display,
 That like the Sons of *India*,
 We Even dread the coming Day.
 For if her morning Rays with such
 Unusual Vigour stream,
 How will the wondering World withstand,
 Her full meridian Beam?

II.

If now she innocently kill,
 With an unaiming Dart;
 Who can resist her when with Skill,
 She levels at the Heart?
 Since with each Smile the pretty Nymph,
 Now captivates the Sense;
 What, when her Beauty's at the Height,
 Will be it's Influence?

SONG LXVIII.

FANNY.

I.

TO *Fanny* fair I would impart,
 The Cause of all my Woe;
 That Beauty which has won my Heart,
 She scarcely seems to know.
 Unskill'd in Arts of Womankind,
 Without Design she charms;
 How can the sparkling Eye be blind,
 Which every Bosom warms.
Which every Bosom warms.

II.

II.

She knows her Power, 'tis all Deceit,
 Her conscious Blushing shows
 That Blushing to the Eye more sweet,
 Than opening budding Rose.
 But the delicious fragrant Rose,
 That charms the Sense so much,
 Upon a thorny Brier grows,
 And wounds whene'er you touch.
And wounds, &c.

III.

So when I first beheld the Fair,
 With Raptures I was blest ;
 But when I would approach too near,
 At once I lost all Rest :
 Th' enchanting Sight, the sweet Surprise,
 Prepar'd me for my Doom ;
 And one cold Look from those bright Eyes,
 Would lay me in my Tomb.
Would lay, &c.

SONG LXIX.

MOLLY.

I.

NO more silly Pipe be thy Sonnets addrest,
 To sooth the dull Ear with a flattering Jest,
 Tune thy Lays to the Love that inflames my fond
 Breast,
 And my Shepherdess' Charms, who deserves them the
 best ;
 For a bonny sweet Lass is my Molly,
For a bonny sweet Lass is my Molly.

II.

Her Eyes, midst the Bloom that her Face doth adorn,
Shew like Dew-drops bespangling the flowery Thorn;
Her Hair like the Beams that first gild the fresh Morn,
And her Teeth like my Flock, with their Fleeces just
thorn.

Such a bonny, &c.

III.

As close by her Side on my Bagpipe I play'd,
Where Sweetbrier and Woodbine united their Shade,
I thought 'twas the Bushes such Fragrance convey'd,
But found it the Bosom of that lovely Maid.

Such a bonny, &c.

IV.

Seek no more in Woods mid the musical Throng?
What Notes to the Lark or the Linnet belong;
Her Voice when she speaks is more sweet than their
Song,

What rapturous Music then melts from that Tongue.

Such a bonny, &c.

V.

When I breath'd my soft Passion with many a Sigh,
And paid my true Vows, how unfeigned her Reply;
With a Heart so sincere that speaks forth from her Eye,
She knows no Deceit whose Looks will not lie.

Such a bonny, &c.

VI.

Then my Shepherdess dwell in this Bosom secure,
No Time can e'er change, no Pleasure allure;
The Flame in this Breast, so constant and pure,
Must burn ever bright, while this Life shall endure.

Such a bonny, &c.

SONG LXX.

ROBIN HOOD.

Sung by Mr. BEARD.

I.

AS blith as the Linnet sings in the Green Wood,
 So blith we'll wake, we'll wake the Morn,
So blith we'll wake the Morn;
 And thro' the wide Forest of merry *Sherwood*,
 We'll wind the Bugle Horn,
We'll wind the Bugle Horn.

II.

The Sheriff attempts to take bold *Robin Hood*,
 Bold *Robin* disdains to fly;
 Let him come when he will, we'll in merry *Sherwood*,
 Or vanquish Boys, or die.

III.

Our Hearts they are stout, and our Bows they are good,
 And well their Master know;
 They're cut in the Forest of merry *Sherwood*,
 And ne'er will spare a Foe.

IV.

Our Arrows shall drink of the Fallow Deer's Blood,
 We'll hunt them all o'er the Plain;
 And thro' the wide Forest of merry *Sherwood*,
 No Shaft shall fly in vain.

V.

Brave *Scarlet* and *John*, who were never subdu'd,
 Gave each his Hand so bold;
 We'll reign thro' the Forest of merry *Sherwood*.
 What say my Hearts of Gold.

SONG

SONG LXXI.

The ROSES.

Sung by Mr. VERNON.

I.

GO lovely Pair of Roses go,
This clad in Scarlet, that in Snow;
Go say to my ungentle Fair,
If on your Form she deigns to gaze,
You dare not hope to rival her,
Or match the Glories of your Face:
Or match the Glories of her Face.
But that you're humbly sent to prove
A Youth undone, a Youth undone, a Youth undone,
By Beauty and her Love.

II.

The sickly White in this pale Rose,
My wan and meagre Looks disclose;
But that which shines so fiercely bright,
Whose Head in painted Flames aspire,
And blushes so with purple Light,
It seems to send forth real Fire.
Tell her that Roses ruddy Fires impart,
The Flames her Eyes have kindled in my Heart.

SONG LXXII.

CUPID confin'd.

I.

THE winged Boy in wanton Flight,
Descending from his airy Height;
Into *Panthea's* Bosom fled,
To make her downy Nest his Bed.

II.

II

Her softer Bosom gently rose,
 Seeming to court him to Repose;
 Nestling he folds his Wings to creep,
 Between her Breasts—then falls asleep.

III.

Pleas'd, transported with the Joy!
 She smil'd at the deluded Boy;
 While buffy Thoughts and Hands prepare,
 Close to confine the Wand'rer there.

IV.

She takes a various colour'd Braid,
 Of Scarlet, Gold, and Purple made
 And ah! hard-hearted, cruel she,
 Pinion'd the little Deity.

V.

Then for a Bribe to let him go,
 He gave his Quiver and his Bow;
 Nor can he greater Triumphs boast,
 Than that his Arms to her were lost.

VI.

And now those Shafts are his no more,
 His Bow's no longer in his Power;
Panthea alone commands Loves Darts,
 She charms all Eyes, and wounds all Hearts.

SONG LXXII.

I.

SINCE Wedlock's in Vogue, and stale Virgins
 despis'd,
 To all Batchelors greeting, these Lines are premis'd;
 I'm a Maid that would marry, ah! could I but find,
 (I care not for Fortune) a Man, a Man to my Mind.
 (*I care not for Fortune*) a *Man to my Mind.*

II.

Not the fair-weather'd Fop, fond of Fashion and Dress,
Not the 'Squire that can relish no Joys but the Chace ;
Not the Free-thinking Rake, whom no Morals can
bind,

Neither this, that, nor t'others the Man to my Mind.

III.

Not the ruby-fac'd Sot, who topos World without end,
Nor the Drone who can't relish his Bottle and Friend ;
Nor the Fool that's too fond, nor the Churl that's
unkind,

Neither this, that, nor t'other's the Man to my Mind.

IV.

Not the Rich with full Bags, without Breeding or
Merit,

Nor the Flash that's all Fury without any Spirit ;
Nor the fine master Fribble the Scorn of Mankind,
Neither this, that, nor t'others the Man to my Mind.

V.

But the Youth whom good Sense and good Nature
inspire,

Whom the Brave must esteem and the Fair shou'd
admire ;

In whose Heart Love and Truth are with Honour
conjoin'd,

This, this, and no other's the Man to my Mind.

SONG LXXIV.

I.

NO Nymph that trips verdant Plains ;
With Sally can compare,
She wins the Hearts of all the Swains,
And rivals all the Fair.
*She wins the Hearts of all the Swains,
And rivals all the Fair.*

N

The

The Beams of *Sol* delight and chear,
While Summer Season roll,

But *Sally's* Smiles can all the Year,
Give Pleasure to the Soul.

*But Sally's Smiles can all the Year,
Give Pleasure to the Soul.*

II.

When from the East the Morning Ray,
Illumes the World below ;

Her Presence bids the God of Day,
With Emulation glow.

Fresh Beauties deck the painted Ground,
Birds sweeter Notes prepare ;

The playful Lambkins skip around,
And hail the Sister Fair.

III.

The Lark but strains his livid Throat,
To bid the Maid rejoice ;

And mimicks while he swells his Note,
The Sweetness of her Voice ;

The fanning Zephyrs round her play,
While *Flora* sheds Perfume ;

And every Flow'ret seems to say,
I but for *Sally* bloom.

IV.

The Am'rous Youths her Charms proclaim,
From Morn to Eve their Tale ;

Her Beauty and unspotted Fame,
Make vocal every Vale ;

The Stream meand'ring thro' the Mead,
Her eccho'd Name conveys ;

And every Voice, and every Reed,
Is turn'd to *Sally's* Praise.

V.

No more shall blithsome Lads and Swain,
To myrthful Wake resort;
Nor every May-Morn on the Plain,
Advance in rural Sport;
No more shall gush the purling Rill,
Nor Musick wake the Grove,
Nor Flocks look nowlike on the Hill,
When I forget to Love.

SONG LXXV.

Sheriff JANSSEN'S HEALTH.

To the Tune of Bumpers 'Squire JONES.

*Written in 1750, (but now first published) and sung in
Stationers Hall, when Mr. Alderman Janssen was
Master of the Company.*

I.

MY brave City Friends,
Thus met to carouze in our Protestant Hall *;
A Bard recommends,
A Health to our Master,
Whose Fame rises faster,
Or less dreads a Fall.
Thro' him you inherit,
A new Share of Merit,
Your flourishing Company only can boast;
He'll never deceive ye,
I'm sure you believe me,
Then God blefs King George, and be *Janssen* the Toast.

* Built by the Protestant Joiner, as he was call'd, executed by King *James II.*

II.

Whilst catch'd by the Glare
 Of Titles, and Pensions, and Ribbons so gay ;
 Mock Patriots prepare,
 To hasten to Court,
 And make *Britain* their Sport,
 Whilst her Rights they betray.
 Our Master despising
 Those mean Arts of rising,
 To win genuine Honours has ardently strove.
 These only are Sterling ;
 This makes him our Darling ;
 No Glory like that of the Citizens Love.

III.

Again fill your Glafs :
 Once more to your Sheriff devote the bright Bowl ;
 Then round let it pass,
 To Him of no Party,
 But for *Britain* hearty,
 A true Patriot Soul.
 Ye Citizens wise,
 Who Liberty prize,
 Laid down his gold Chain, seat him in your first Chair :
 More than *Whittington* glorious,
 O'er Corruption victorious,
 You'll wish him, when once, to be always Lord Mayor.

S O N G

S O N G LXXVI.

For LORD MAYOR'S DAY, 1754.

*A Congratulatory Ballad, to the Citizens of London,
on their electing Mr. Alderman JANSSEN, Lord
Mayor.*

To the Tune of, Which no Body can deny.

I.

YE Citizens wise, who gave JANSSEN your Voice,
Th' Applause of the Nation confirms your just
Choice ;

And all but the Foes to our Freedom rejoice,
Which no Body can deny, deny, which no body can deny.

II.

To blast your Resolves, Malice darted her 'Tongue ;
Pert Libels were squirted, vile Pa'squinades sung ;
Till with Slander unnumber'd all London Town rung,
Which no Body, &c.

III.

But knowing him well, hence you more his Worth
prize ;

For Truth loveliest shows, when contrasted with lies,
From behind a dark Cloud *Phœbus* brighter will rise,
Which no Body, &c.

IV.

As a Boy takes his Popgun, and pointing it round,
Thinks to frighten a Croud with its sputt'ring Sound ;
Such Terror felt *Janssen*, from Calumny's Wound,
Which no Body, &c.

V.

The Magistrate who, to his Duty attends;
 Who, Slave to the Public, contemns selfish Ends,
 Is sure all good Citizens will be his Friends,

Which no Body, &c.

VI.

He who, for his Country can Int'rest forego;
 Whose zeal, Roman like, for its welfare does glow,
 Deserves ev'ry Honour that Men can bestow.

Which no Body, &c.

VII.

For thwarting the French, and the Friends to their
 Trade;
 Whose Looks, Words, and Actions, are mere Mas-
 querade,
 Our fam'd *Antigallican's* nobly repaid.

Which no Body, &c.

VIII.

Ye Smuglers lament, for your Downfall is nigh,
 Now your grand Opposer is seated on high:
 To seize ye, his Mandates, will instantly fly,

Which no Body, &c.

IX.

For strength'ning our Fleets, for employing the Poor,
 Shou'd our lov'd Herring Fishery flourish secure;
Janssen's amiable Name, will for Ages endure,

Which no Body, &c.

X.

So God bless King GEORGE, and preserve us his Heir,
 A Portion of Blessings may *Janssen* too share:
 Who shone our brave Sheriff, must shine as Lord
 Mayor,

Which no Body, &c.

SONG LXXVII.

I.

DESCEND each Goddess, don't delay,
Come see the little *Cupids* play ;
And hover round the Grove,
Hark how the sprightly warbling Train,
The sprightly Train,
Their Notes extend to entertain
The amorous Queen of Love,
The amorous, amorous, the amorous Queen of Love,
The amorous, amorous, the amorous Queen of Love.

II.

Let *Jove* command his Godlike Choir,
Send down gay *Mercury* once more,
T'advance the graceful Air ;
Let *Zephyrus* his gentle Breeze,
Send coolly whisp'ring thro' the Trees,
To fan the charming Fair.

III.

See how yon youthful Nymphs and Swains,
Surround the distant rural Plains,
T'adorn the blooming Spring ;
Fair *Flora's* gaudy sparkling Dress,
The Hills and Valleys too caress,
While *Sirens* sit and sing.

SONG LXXVIII.

An EXTEMPORE THOUGHT,

*On hearing the Performances of Miss DAVIES, a
Child of Eight Years of Age, at the Great Room in
Dean-Street.*

Set by Mr. RICHARD DAVIES.

MUSICK, Musick, can charm the human Heart,
And harmonize the Whole;
But prompted by an Infant's Art,
What Raptures melt the Soul.
What Raptures melt the Soul.

How can that tender Mind be thought,
To lodge such tuneful Skill;
How was that youthful Memory taught,
To actuate the Will.
To actuate the Will.

How can those little Fingers fly,
So justly o'er the Keys;
How can that Breath so soft supply,
The mellow Flute with Ease.
The mellow Flute with Ease.

'Tis Nature's Work, she sent the Fair,
Our Wonder to engage;
And *Phœnix*-like there must appear,
One only in an Age.
One only in an Age.

SONG

SONG LXXIX.

MOLLY CARR.

I.

WHEN I at my Window am gazing,
 'Tis not at a Comet or Star ;
 But an Object more bright and more pleasing,
 The Face of my sweet MOLLY CARR.
The Face of my sweet MOLLY CARR.
 No Daphne, no Chloe, nor Phillis,
 Tho' Poets put them on the Par ;
 With the Beauties, Roses, or Lillies,
 Can vie with my sweet MOLLY CARR,
Can vie with my sweet MOLLY CARR.

II.

Ye Soldiers who boast in your Prattle,
 Yet always hope Danger is far ;
 You're more safe from the Cannons in Battle,
 Than the Eyes of my sweet MOLLY CARR.
 The Prelate so famous for teaching,
 The excellent Virtues of 'Tar ;
 Had he seen her he'd have left off his Preaching,
 To treat of my sweet MOLLY CARR.

III.

Ye Lawyers who make yourselves Drudges,
 With much dirty Work at the Bar ;
 You wou'd quit all your Fees and the Judges,
 To plead to my sweet MOLLY CARR.
 Ye Doctors so learned in Physick,
 Who Nature's Decays can repair ;
 May search, but you'll find no Specifick,
 So certain as sweet MOLLY CARR.

IV.

Let those out of Play with the Nation,
 With great ones eternally Jar,
 I am humbly content with my Station,
 So smiles but my sweet MOLLY CARR.
 Tho' Rich as a *Cræsus* in Treasure,
 In Kingdoms as great as a Czar,
 All, all I wou'd lay down with Pleasure,
 At the Feet of my sweet MOLLY CARR.

S O N G LXXX.

Young DORILAS.

I.

YOUNG *Dorilas*, an artless Swain,
 And *Daphne*, Pride of western Plain,
 Their Flocks together drove;
Their Flocks together drove.
 Gay Youth sat blooming on his Face,
 She no less shone with every Grace,
 Yet neither thought, yet neither thought of Love.
She no less shone with every Grace,
Yet neither thought of Love.

II.

With equal Joy each Morn they meet,
 At Midday seek the same Retreat,
 And shelter in one Grove;
 At Ev'ning haunt the self-same Walk,
 Together innocently talk,
 But not a Word of Love.

III.

Hence mutual Friendship firmly grew,
'Till Heart to Heart spontaneous flew,
Like Bill to Bill of Dove;
Both feel the Flame which both conceal,
Both wish the other wou'd reveal,
Yet neither speaks of Love.

IV.

She hung with Rapture o'er his Sense,
He doated on her Innocence,
Thus each did each approve;
Each vow'd whilst each the Vow observ'd.
The Maid was true, the Swain ne'er swerv'd,
Then ev'ry Word was Love.

SONG LXXXI.

BALLY SPELLING.

I.

A L L you that would refine your Blood,
As pure as fam'd *Lewelling*;
By Waters clear, come every Year,
And drink at Bally Spelling.
If Spots or Itch, the Skin's enrich,
With Rubies past the telling;
'Twill clear the Skin, before you have been,
A Month at Bally Spelling.

II.

If Ladies Cheek, be green as Leek,
When she comes from her Dwelling;
The kindling Rose, within it glows;
When she's at Bally Spelling.
The Sooty brown, who comes to Town,
Grows here as fair as *Helen*;
Then back she goes, to kill the Beaux,
By dint of Bally Spelling.

III.

III.

Our Ladies are, as fresh and fair
 As Rose, or bright *Dunkelling*;
 And *Mars* might make a fair Mistake,
 Were he at Bally Spelling.
 We Men submit, as they think fit,
 And here is no rebelling;
 The Reason's plain, the Ladies reign,
 They're Queens at Bally Spelling.

IV.

By matchless Charms, unconquer'd Arms,
 They have the Power of quelling;
 Such desp'rate Foes, as dare oppose,
 Their Power at Bally Spelling.
 Cold Water turns to Fire and burns,
 I know, because I fell in,
 A Stream that came from one bright Dame,
 Who Drinkt at Bally Spelling.

V.

Fine Beaux advance, equipt for Dance,
 And bring their *Ann* or *Nell* in,
 With so much Grace, I'm sure no Place,
 Can vie with Bally Spelling.
 No Pol ticks, no subtle Tricks,
 No Man his Country selling;
 We eat, we drink, we never think,
 Of these at Bally Spelling.

VI.

The troubled in Mind, the puffed with wind,
 Do all come here Pell mell in;
 And they are sure, to work their Cure,
 By drinking Bally Spelling.
 If Dropsy fills you to the Gills,
 From Chin to Toe tho' swelling;
 Pour in, pour out, you cannot doubt,
 A cure at Bally Spelling.

VII.

Death throws no Darts thro' all these Parts,
 No Sexton's here a Knelling;
 Come judge, and try, you'll never dye,
 And live at Bally Spelling.
 Except you feel, Darts tipt with Steel,
 Which here are every Belle in,
 When from their Eyes, sweet Ruin flies,
 We dye at Bally Spelling.

VIII.

Good Chear, sweet Air, much Joy, no Care,
 Your Sight, your Taste, your Smelling,
 Your Ears, your Touch, transporteth much,
 Each Day at Bally Spelling.
 Within this Ground, we all sleep sound,
 No noisy Dogs a yelling;
 Except you wake for *Celia's* sake,
 All Night at Bally Spelling.

IX.

Here all you see, both he and she,
 No Lady keeps her Cell in;
 But all partake, the Mirth we make,
 Who drink at Bally Spelling.
 My Rhymes are gone, I think I've none,
 Unless I should bring Hell in;
 But since I'm here, to Heaven so near,
 I can't at Bally Spelling.

SONG LXXXII.

SALLY.

I.

NOT *Semele's* attracting Love,
 In the Ory shew'r embrac'd by *Jove*,
 Cou'd yield more Savour of Delight,
 Than to my Heart did the first Sight
 Of dear, Auspicious Blooming SALLY,
 Sweet as Lillies of the Valley.

Dear Auspicious, Blooming SALLY,
Sweet as Lillies of the Valley.

II.

Jove's guilty Passion him may lead,
 From *Semele* to *Ganymede* ;
 Long as the Solar Rays endure,
 My constant Flame shall blaze most pure.

For dear, &c.

III.

I live but when the Fair is near,
 And breathe but in that Atmosphere ;
 Where every Grace and every Sweet,
 Concentrated in my SALLY meet.

Dear, &c.

IV.

Her Life is form'd on Wisdom's Plan,
 With Caution trusts her Heart to Man ;
 The Lover that with her succeeds
 Must be the Swain whose Merit pleads.

Dear, &c.

V.

Her Person, or her Virtues, more
 Might tempt an Angel to adore ;
 Those Virtues prompt her to approve,
 The softer Dialect of Love.

Dear, &c.

VI.

My Guardian Genius teach me now,
My Passions lead and tell me how,
I to her Arms approved may fly,
Or agonizing I shall die.
For Dear, &c.

S O N G LXXXIII.

Sung by Mr. ATKINS at Sadler's Wells.

I.

A Plumber I am, and I work for my Bread,
Not ashamed of my Craft, tho' a Dealer in Lead,
And Men of my Calling, tho' that they'll not own,
May always be found from the Cot to the Throne,
*And Men of my Calling, tho' that they'll not own,
May always be found from the Cot to the Throne,
May always be found from the Cot to the Throne.*

II.

The Lawyer so grave, with a Twang in his Nose,
And his Hums, and his Ha's, and his eke's and also's;
When at each knotty Point he is scratching his Head,
He'll find that like me he's a Dealer in Lead.

III.

The Captain perhaps may despise a poor Glazier,
Because his bluff Countenance comes from the Brazier,
Tho' he struts in his Lace, and swaggers in red,
Yet his Brains like his Bullets are nothing but Lead.

IV.

Let no lovely Damsel a Plumber despise,
For his Lead soon will melt at the Beams of her Eyes;
And he's brisk as Quicksilver she'll find when abed,
Tho' all the Day long he's a Dealer in Lead.

SONG LXXXIV.

In the GAMESTER.

I.

WHEN *Damon* languish'd at my Feet,
 And I believ'd him true,
 The Moments of Delight how sweet,
 But, ah ! how swift they flew.
 The sunny Hill; the flowry Vale,
 The Garden and the Grove ;
 Have eccho'd to his attendant Tale,
 And Vows of endless Love.

II.

The Conquest gain'd he left his Prize,
 He left her to complain,
 To tell of Joy with weeping Eyes,
 And measure Time by Pain :
 But Heaven will take the Lover's Part,
 In pity to despair,
 And the last Sigh that rends the Heart,
 Shall waft the Spirit there.

SONG LXXXV.

COLIN and DOLLY.

I.

THE Morning Cloud was ting'd with Gold,
 When *Colin* went to view his Fold,
 And as he whistled o'er the Plain,
 Young *Dolly* met the perjur'd Swain.
 Anger and Love were in her Eyes,
 Her tender Breast heav'd with a Sigh ;
 But when her Grief she come to show,
 He cry'd I cannot hear thee now,
I cannot, I cannot, I cannot hear thee now

II.

II.

In moving Words she told a Tale,
 That might o'er any Heart prevail,
 Ask'd why he had forsook her Cot,
 And was poor *Dolly* quite forgot?
 If so, (Tears trembling in her Eye)
 She said, she'd sit her down and dye;
 Do so, says *Colin*, and I vow,
 My Dear, I cannot hear thee now.

I cannot, &c.

III.

Resentment kindling o'er her Cheek,
 Says she, another Love I'll seek,
Damon will prize these slighted Charms,
 And kindly take them to his Arms,
 The Swain whom Honour cou'd not move,
 By Jealousy was wak'd to Love,
 Says he, forgive see yonder Mow,
 Step there! I'll stay to hear thee now,

I'll stay, &c.

S O N G LXXXVI.

I.

G I V E us Glasses my Wench, give us Wine and
 we'll quench,

The Remembrance of Pain and of Grief;
 To the Winds with our Care, for we'll never despair,
 While a Bottle can give us Relief.

While a Bottle can give us Relief.

In our Revels and Joys we'll forget the proud Boy,
 Let the *Lethe* its Miracle Work;

For as hollow I find, as the Bottle's her Mind;
 And her Heart is as light as the Cork.

And her Heart is as light as the Cork.

II.

Ariadne the Gay, in Despair as they say,
 For the Bully that left her behind ;
 Wou'd have hang'd, or have drown'd,
 But in *Bacchus* she found,
 A new Lover as constant as kind ;
 These are Fables my Dear, but the Moral is clear ;
 It was Wine that her Peace did restore,
 When he left the poor Lads,
 Why she took to her Glass
 And she never rememb'ed him more.

SONG LXXXVII.

I.

AT the silent Evening Hour,
 Two fond Lovers in a Bower,
 Sought, sought their mutual Bliss :
 Tho' her Heart was just relenting,
 Tho' her Eyes seem'd just consenting,
 Yet, yet she fear'd to kiss.

II.

Since this secret Shade he cry'd,
 Will those rosy Blushes hide,
 Why, why will you resist ;
 When no Tell-tale Spy is near us,
 Eye not sees, nor Ear can hear us,
 Who, who would not be kiss'd.

III.

Celia hearing what he said,
 Blushing lifted up her Head,
 Her Breast soft Wishes fill ;
 Since she cry'd no Spy is near us,
 Eye not sees, nor Ear can hear us,
 Kiss, kiss or what you will.

SONG

SONG LXXXVIII.

Sung by Master BUDD.

I.

HAIL to the Myrtle Shade,
 All Hail to the Nymph of the Field;
 Kings wou'd not here invade,
 The Pleasures that Virtue yield.
 Beauty here opens her Arms,
 To soften the languishing Mind,
 And PHILLIS unlocks her Charms,
 Ah! PHILLIS ah! Why so kind?
 Ah! PHILLIS ah! Why so kind?
Beauty here opens her Arms,
To soften the languishing Mind,
And PHILLIS unlocks her Charms,
Ah! PHILLIS ah! Why so kind?

II.

PHILLIS though Soul of Love,
 Though Joy of the neighbouring Swains,
 And PHILLIS that crowns the Groves,
 And PHILLIS that gilds the Plains;
 PHILLIS that ne'er had the Skill,
 To patch, to paint and be fine,
 Yet PHILLIS whose Eyes can kill,
 Whom Nature hath made Divine.

III.

PHILLIS whose charming Song,
 Makes Labour and Pains a Delight;
 PHILLIS that makes the Day young,
 And shortens the liv'd long Night;
 PHILLIS whose Lips like May,
 Still laughs at the Sweets they bring,
 Where Love never knows Decay,
 But sits with eternal Spring.

SONG

SONG LXXXIX.

SEE what Sweets this Wreath compose,
 Doeſt thou love the new blown Roſe ;
 Or the red Pink, wet with Dew,
 Or the Jeſſamine's veſtal Hue :
 Here they are, with fragrant Thyme,
 Emblems of the Seaſon's Prime.

Haſt, my Maid, this Flowret ſhows,
 How muſt fade the florid Roſe ;
 How each Offspring of the Spray,
 All muſt ficken and decay.
All muſt ficken and decay.

Let theſe tell how Youth is Spring,
 That Time is always on the Wing,
Always on the Wing,
That Time is always on the Wing.

To the Voice of Love comply,
 Haſte, or ſoon the Roſes die ;
 The Jeſs'mines white muſt leave the Brow,
 Thyme thy Breath will ceaſe to blow.
 On thy Lips the Pink ſhall fade,
 Shouldſt thou prove a rigid Maid.

What is all the Roſes Bloom ?
 What the Jeſſamines rich Perfume ?
 What the Tincture of the Pink ?
 Prithee Fair One timely think.
 All theſe periſh with the Day,
 Youth like theſe muſt fleet away.
Youth like theſe muſt fleet away.
Must fleet, muſt fleet away.
Youth like theſe muſt fleet away.

S O N G X C.

I.

WHEN the Rose is in bud, and blue Vi'lets blow,
And the Birds sing us love Songs on ev'ry Bough;
When Cowslips and Daisies, and Daffodils spread,
Adorning, perfuming, the flowery Mead;

Our cleanly Milk-pail,

Is fill'd with brown Ale;

Our Table, our Table's the Grasse:

There we sit and we sing,

And we dance in a Ring,

And ev'ry Lad has his Lasse.

Cho. *There we sit and we sing, and we dance in a Ring,
And every Lad, ev'ry Lad has his Lasse.*

II.

When without the Plough, the fat Oxen do low,
Then Lads and the Lasses a Sheep Shearing go;
Our Shepherd shears his jolly, jolly Fleece,
How much richer than that, which they say was in
Greece:

'Tis our Cloth, and our Food,

And our politic Blood;

'Tis the Seat which our Nobles all sit on,

'Tis a Mine above Ground,

Where our Treasure's all found,

'Tis the Gold, and the Silver of Britain.

Cho. *'Tis a Mine above Ground, where our Treasure's
all found,*

'Tis the Gold, and the Silver of Britain.

S O N G XCI.

I.

BEHOLD the sweet Flowers around,
 With all the bright Beauties they wear;
 Yet none on the Plains can be found
 So lovely, so lovely, as *Celia* is fair,
 So lovely as *Celia* is fair,
 Ye Warblers, come raise your sweet Throats,
 No longer in Silence remain,
 No longer in Silence remain;
 O lend a fond Lover your Notes,
 To soften, to soften my *Celia's* Disdain,
 To soften my *Celia's* Disdain.

II.

Oft times in you flowery Vale,
 I breath my Complaines in a Song,
 I breath my Complains in a Song;
 Fair *Flora* attends the sad Tale,
 And sweetens, and sweetens the Borders along,
 And sweetens the Borders along:
 But *Celia* whose breath might perfume
 The Bosom of *Flora* in *May*,
 The Bosom of *Flora* in *May*;
 Still frowning pronounces my Doom,
 Regardless, regardless of all I can say.
 Regardless of all I can say.

SONG XCII.

WE'VE fought, we have conqueq'd and *England*
 once more,
 Shall flourish in Fame, as she flourish'd before ;
 Our Fears all are fled, with our Enemies slain.
 Cou'd they rise up anew, we wou'd slay them again;
 Cou'd they rise up anew, we wou'd slay them
 again.

His Monarch to serve, or to do himself Right,
 No *Englishman* yet, ever flinch'd from the Fight ;
 For why ! Neighbours all, we are free as the King,
 'Tis that makes us brave, and 'tis that makes us sing.
 'Tis that makes us brave, and 'tis that makes us
 sing.

Our Prince too, for this may be thankful to Fate,
 It is in our Freedom, he finds himself great,
 No Force can be wanting, nor meaner Court Arts,
 He's Master of all, who will reign in our Hearts,
 He's Master of all, who will reign in our Hearts.

Should Rebels within, or should Foes from without,
 Bring the crown on his Head, or his Honour in Doubt;
 We are ready—still ready—and boldly foretell,
 That Conquest shall ever with Libery dwell,
 That Conquest shall ever with Liberty dwell.

And now bring us forth, as the Crown of our Labor,
 Much Wine, and good Cheer, with the Pipe and the
 Tabor :

Let our Nymphs all be kind, and our Shepherds be gay,
 For *England*, Old *England*, is happy to Day,
 For *England*, Old *England*, is happy to Day.

S O N G

SONG XCIII.

SAYS *Damon* to *Phillis*, suppose my fond Eyes,
Reveal with what Ardour I glow.

Reveal with what Ardour I glow.

Well, what if they do, there's no Harm sure she cries?

I can but deny you, you know, you know,

I can but deny you, you know.

Suppose I should ask of those Lips a sweet Kiss,

Say, wou'd you the Favour bestow,

Say, wou'd you the Favour bestow;

Lord bless me said she, what a Question is this.

I can but deny you, you know, you know.

I can but deny you, you know.

Suppose not contented, I still ask for more,

For Pleasure from Pleasure will grow,

For Pleasure from Pleasure will grow.

Suppose what you will, she reply'd as before,

I can but deny you, you know, you know.

I can but deny you, you know,

Come then, my dear Love, to the Woods let's repair

Cry'd *Damon*, and offer'd to go,

Cry'd *Damon*, and offer'd to go.

No, no, with a Blush, answer'd *Phillis* for there,

I could not deny you, you know, you know.

I could not deny you, you know.

SONG XCIV.

Sung by Mrs. YEATES.

I.

THE Sun was sunk beneath the Main,
 Bright *Cynthia* silver'd all the Plain,
 Young *Colin* turn'd his Team to Rest,
 And sought the Lads he lik'd the best ;
 As tow'rd her Cot he jogg'd along,
 Her Name was fragrant in his Song,
 But when his Errand *Dolly* knew,
 She vow'd she'd something else to do.
 She'd something else to do.
 She vow'd she'd something else to do.

II.

He swore he did esteem her more,
 Than any Maid he'd seen before ;
 In tender Sighs protesting he,
 Would constant as the Turtle be :
 Talk'd much of Death should she refuse,
 And us'd the Arts that Lovers use.
 'Tis fine, says *Dol*, if 'tis but true,
 But now! I've something else to do. &c.

III.

Her Pride then *Colin* thus address'd,
 Forgive me *Dol*, I did but jest,
 To her that's kind I'll constant prove,
 But think not I shall die for Love.
 Tho' first she did his Courtship scorn,
 Now *Dol* began to court in Turn ;
 Dear *Colin* I was jesting too :
 Step in. I've nothing else to do, &c.

SONG XCV.

I.

O THOU for whom my Lyre I string,
 Of whom I think, and speak, and sing;
 Thou constant Object of my Joys,
 Whose Sweetness every Wish employs.
 Whose Sweetness every Wish employs.
 Thou dearest of thy Sex attend,
 And hear the Lover and the Friend.
Thou dearest of thy Sex attend,
And hear the Lover and the Friend.

II.

Not distant is the cruel Day,
 That tears me from myself away;
 Then frown not, Fair One, if I try,
 To steal the Moisture from your Eye:
 And from your Heart a Sigh to send,
 To mourn the Lover and the Friend.

III.

Whole Years I strove against the Flame,
 And suffer'd Ills without a Name;
 Yet still the painful Secret kept,
 And to myself in Silence wept:
 'Till grown unable to contend,
 I own'd the Lover and the Friend.

IV.

I saw you still your gen'rous Heart,
 In all my Sorrows bore a Part;
 Yet while your Eyes with Pity glow'd,
 No Words of Hope your Tongue bestow'd:
 But mildly bid me cease to blend,
 The Name of Lover and the Friend.

V.

Curse on all Wealth that can destroy,
 My utmost Hope of earthly Joy;

Thy Gifts, Oh! Fortune. I resign,
Let her and Poverty be mine;
And every Year that Life shall lend,
Shall bless the Lover and the Friend.

VI.

In vain, alas! in vain I strive,
To keep a dying Hope alive;
A last sad Remedy remains,
'Tis Absence that must cure my Pains,
Thy Image from my Bosom rend,
And force the Lover from the Friend.

VII.

Vain Thought! tho' Seas between us roll,
Thy Love is rooted in my Soul;
The vital Blood that warms my Heart,
With thy Idea must depart;
And Death's decisive Stroke must end,
At once the Lover and the Friend.

S O N G XCVI.

Sung by Mr. BEARD.

I.

D ID ever Swain a Nymph adore,
As I ungrateful Nanny do;
Was ever Shepherd's Heart so sore,
Or ever broken Heart so true.
My Cheeks are swell'd with Tears, but she
Has never wet a Check for me.
*My Cheeks are swell'd with Tears, but she
Will never shed a Tear for me.*

II.

If *Nanny* call'd, did e'er I stay,
 Or linger when she bid me run;
 She only had the Word to say,
 And all she wish'd was quickly done;
 I always think of her, but she
 Does ne'er bestow a Thought on me.

III.

To let her Cows my Clover taste,
 Have I not rose by Break of Day,
 Did ever *Nanny's* Heifers fast,
 If *Robin* in his Yard had Hay.
 Tho' to my Fields their welcome were,
 I ne'er was welcome yet to her.

IV.

If ever *Nanny* lost a Sheep,
 I cheerfully did give her two;
 And I her Lambs did safely keep
 Within my Folds in Frost and Snow:
 Have they not there from Cold been free,
 But *Nanny* still is cold to me.

V.

When *Nanny* to the Well did come,
 'Twas I that did her Pitchers fill;
 Full as they were I brought them Home,
 Her Corn I carried to the Mill:
 My Back did bear the Sack, but she
 Will never bear the Sight of me.

VI.

To *Nanny's* Poultry Oats I gave,
 I'm sure they always had the best;
 Within this Week her Pigeons have
 Eat up a Peck of Pease at least:
 Her little Pigeons kiss, but she
 Will never bear a Kiss from me.

VII.

Must *Robin* always *Nanny* woo,
And *Nanny* still on *Robin* frown?
Alas! poor Wretch! what shall I do?
If *Nanny* does not love me soon:
If no Relief to me she'll bring,
I'll hang me in her Apron-string.

SONG XCVII.

A Favourite Cantata.

WHO'll buy a Heart, *Myrtilla* cries,
And throws around her wanton Eyes,
An easy Shape, a graceful Air,
A Face, like lovely *Hebe's*, fair;
A Pair of Eyes that wound at Sight,
And soil the Diamonds piercing Light;
Come hither ye that long to prove,
The Soul enchanting Joys of Love,
Come, quickly come, for he buys, that bids the most
for me:
But let no sordid Wretch presume,
With even *Cræsus'* Wealth to come,
Nor vainly hope for Gems or Gold,
Such Charms as these can ne'er be sold;
So vile a Change I scorn to make
For Love's the only Coin I take.

SONG XCVIII.

The ANSWER.

RECITATIVE.

AS in a pensive Form *Myrtilla* sat,
 Revolving on the Will of Fate;
 A sprightly Nymph devoid of Care,
 Advanc'd, and thus address'd the Fair :

AIR.

Thou vernal Form of Beauty's Plea,
 I'm come to buy a Heart of thee,
 I'm come to buy a Heart of thee;
 With Transports I receiv'd the Tale,
 That such a Gem was up for Sale,
 That such a Gem was up for Sale :
 Cou'd I command the starry Train,
 For thee I'd give it back again;
 Or if kind Fate wou'd make thee mine,
 The Universe shou'd all be thine;
 Or if kind Fate wou'd make thee mine,
 The Universe shou'd all be thine.
 Go hence, the Maid with softness cries,
 Merit the best deserves the Prize;
 The Tale you heard was falsely told,
Myrtilla's Heart shall ne'er be sold,
Myrtilla's Heart shall ne'er be sold.

SONG XCIX.

SPORTIVE *Zephyrus* fondly blowing.
 Spreading Odours thro' the Air;
 Blooming Life on Groves bestowing,
 To *Vauxhall* my *DELIA* bear.

Flora can't more sweetly bless thee,
 Playing, straying round her Charms,
 Than when *DELIA*'s Smiles address me,
 Sighing, dying in her Arms.

Sporting Zephyrus fondly blowing,
Spreading Odours through the Air,
Blooming Life on Groves bestowing,
To Vauxhall my DELIA bear.

S O N G C.

FAIR DELIA.

Sung by Mr. ATKINS.

I.

SICK of the Town Fair *Delia* flew,
 To Contemplation's rural Seat :
 Adieu, she cry'd, vain Town adieu,
 Fools only study to be great.
 The Book, the Lamb, the Hermit's Cell,
 The moss grown Roof, the matted Floor ;
 All these she had, 'twas mighty well,
 But yet she wanted something more.
Yet she wanted, yet she wanted,
But yet she wanted something more.

II.

Back to the busy Town again,
 She soon return'd in Hopes to find,
 Ease for imaginary Pain:
 Quiet of Heart, and Peace of Mind,
 Gay Scenes of Grandeur ev'ry Hour,
 By Turns her fickle Fancy fill;
 The Town seem'd all within her Pow'r,
 Put yet she wanted——something still.
Yet she wanted, &c.

III.

III.

Cities and Groves by turns were try'd,
 'Twas all ye Fair, an idle Tale ;
Delia at length became a Bride,
 A Bride to *Damon* of the Vale ;
 Behold at once the Gloom was clear'd,
Damon grew kind I can't tell how,
 Each Place a Paradise, appear'd,
 And *Delia* wanted nothing now.
Delia wanted, &c.

S O N G C I.

I.

STRETCH'D on the 'Turf in Sylvan Shades,
 No Fear the Peasant's Rest invades ;
 Whilst gilded Roofs, and Beds of State,
 Perplex the Slumbers of the Great,
 Secure he rears the Bechen Bowl,
 With steady Hand and fearless Soul,
 Pleas'd with his plain and homely Meats,
 No Swords surround him as he eats.

II.

His modest Wife, of Virtue try'd,
 Knows not th' expensive Arts of Pride.
 Her easy Wish, the home-spun Fleece,
 Plain, in its native Hue, can please.
 And happy in her Nuptial Bed,
 No jealous Doubts disturb her Head.
 Abroad for Trinkets does not roam,
 But finds a lasting Joy at Home.

S O N G

S O N G CII.

MUTUAL LOVE.

I.

WHEN e'er I meet my *Celia's* Eyes,
Sweet Raptures in my Bosom rise,
My Feet forget to move ;
She too declines her lovely Head,
Soft Blushes o'er her Cheeks are spread,
Sure this is mutual Love !

II.

My beating Heart is wrapt in Bliss,
Whene'er I steal a tender Kiss,
Beneath the silent Grove ;
She strives to frown, and puts me by,
Yet Anger dwells not in her Eye,
Sure this is mutual Love !

III.

And once, O once, the dearest Maid,
As on her Breast my Head was laid,
Some secret Impulse drove ;
Me, me, her gentle Arms carest,
And to her Bosom closely prest
Sure this is mutual Love !

IV.

And now transported with her Charms,
A soft Desire my Bosom warms,
Forbidden Joys to prove ;
Trembling for Fear she shou'd comply,
She from my Arms prepares to fly
Tho' warm'd with mutual Love !

V.

O Hail! I cry'd,--let *Hymen's Bands*,
 This Moment tie our willing Hands,
 And all th' Fears remove;
 A modest Blush Consent express'd,
 And now we live supremely blest,
 A Life of mutual Love!

S O N G CIII.

I.

IF *Damon* you should chance to rove,
 Yet ever bear me in your Mind:
 If walking in the silent Grove,
 Or on the mossy Bank reclin'd,
 Still let my faithful Image be,
 Among the Shades retir'd with thee.

II.

If perch'd upon the pointed Thorn,
 The Nightingale renews her Strain;
 O think, O think, like her forlorn,
 When thou art absent, I complain.
 Or should you hear the Widow Dove,
 Think I, like her, lament my Love.

III.

If you should wander where some Brook,
 Does o'er the Pebbles murmuring flow;
 When on the Silver Stream you look,
 Think how I weep, oppress'd with Woe,
 Or should the Current want Supply,
 I could recite it from my Eyes.

IV.

IV.

When you behold the setting Ray,
Sinking beneath the lower Sky;
The solemn Gloom of closing Day,
May represent me to your Eye.
For languid as departing Light,
Am I when banish'd from your Sight.

S O N G C I V.

The INVITATION.

I.

COME, Dear *Amanda*, quit the Town,
And to some rural Hamlet fly;
For soon the wintry Storms are gone,
And gentle Rarience glads the Sky.
And gentle, &c. &c. &c.

II.

The Fields are gay, the Flowers appear,
Earth spreads a verdant Couch for thee;
'Tis *May* and Pleasure all we hear,
'Tis Love and Beauty all we see.
'Tis Love, &c. &c. &c.

III.

Come let us mark the gradual Spring,
Now peeps the Bud, the Blossom blows,
And *Philomel* begins to sing,
And perfect Nature spreads the Rose.
And perfect, &c. &c. &c.

IV.

Let us secure the short Delight,
And wisely to some Cottage fly,
For soon, too soon, it will be Night,
Arise my Love and come away.
Arise, &c. &c. &c.

S O N G

SONG CV.

The CONFESSION.

I.

O Lovely *Celia*? heav'nly Maid,
 Kind, Gentle, Fair, and Free;
 In all thy Sex's Charms array'd.
 How few are form'd like thee.
 Thy Image always fills my Mind,
 The Theme of ev'ry Song;
 I'm fix'd to thee alone, I find,
 But ask not for how long.

II.

The Fair, in gen'ral I've admir'd,
 Have long been false and true,
 And when the last my Fancy tir'd,
 It wander'd round to you.
 Then, while I can I'll be sincere,
 As Turtles to their Mates;
 This Moment's your's and mine, my Dear,
 The next, you know, is Fate's.

SONG CVI.

The ROSE.

I.

SWEET are the Flowers that deck the Field,
 Sweet is the Smell the Blossoms yield;
 Sweet is the Summer's Gale that blows,
 And sweet, tho' sweeter you the Rose.

II.

Survey the Gardens, Fields, and Bowers,
 The Buds, the Blossoms, and the Flowers;
 Then tell me where the Woodbines grows,
 That vies in Sweetness with the Rose.

S O N G C V I I.

The RESTOR'D LOVER.

I.

TOO lovely Fair One, I confess,
The Swain that you will deign to bless,
May sigh an Age away:
In Expectation of the Joy,
When you no longer cold and coy,
Will all his Fears allay.

II.

Indulgent Heaven that made thy Form,
So soft, so tender, and so warm,
Who gazes must adore;
But I so long in vain have try'd,
To move thy Heart, that Seat of Pride,
That here I give it o'er.

III.

But know, proud Fair, a Cure I've found,
I'll be no longer tamely chain'd in hopeless Flames
to burn;
Vain Maid I have shaken off the Chain,
By Wine a Conquest I have gain'd,
And triumph in my Turn.

S O N G C V I I I.

The SNOW-DROP.

I.

WITH Head reclin'd the Snow-Drop see,
The first of *Flora's* Progeny:
With Virgin Modesty appear,
To Hail and welcome in the Year.

T

Fearless

II.

Fearless of Winter it defies,
 The Rigour of inclement Skies :
 And early hasting for to bring,
 The Tiding of approaching Spring.

III.

Tho' humble in its Dress and plain,
 It Ushers in a beauteous Train,
 And shows how gaudy e'er they be,
 The Merit of Precedency.

IV.

All that are gay and sweet disclose,
 The Pink, the Tulip, and the Rose,
 In full Succession as they blow,
 Their Glory to the Snow-Drop owe.

S O N G C I X.

I.

PHILLIS why should we delay,
 Pleasures shorter than the Day,
 Cou'd we which we never can,
 Stretch our Lives beyond the Span ;
 Beauty like a shadow Flies,
 And our Youth before us dies,
 Or wou'd Youth and Beauty stay,
 Love hath Wings and will away.

II.

Love hath swifter Wings than Time,
 Change in Love to Heav'n does climb ;
 Gods that never change their State,
 Vary oft their Love and Hate ;
 Phillis to this Truth we owe,
 All the Love betwixt us two,
 Let not you and I inquire,
 What has been our past Desire.

III.

III.

On what Shepherd you have smil'd,
Or what Nymph I have beguil'd;
Leave it to the Planets too,
What we shall hereafter do;
For the Joys we now may prove,
Take Advice of present Love,
Quickly seize the golden Hour,
Seize it while 'tis in our Pow'r.

S O N G CX.

CHLOE'S RESOLVES.

I.

AS *Chloe* on Flowers, reclin'd o'er the Stream,
She Sigh'd to the Breeze, and made *Colin* her
Theme,
Tho' pleasant the Stream, and tho' cooling the Breeze,
And Flowers tho' fragant, she panted for Ease.

II.

The Stream it was fickle, and hasted away,
It kiss'd the sweet Banks, but no longer would stay;
Tho' Beauteous, inconstant, and faithless tho' Fair,
Ah! *Colin* look in and behold thyself there.

III.

The Breeze that so sweet on her Bosom did play,
Now rose to a Tempest, and darkned the Day;
As soft as the Breeze, and as loud as the Wind,
Such *Colin* when angry, and *Colin* when kind.

IV.

The Flowers when gather'd so Beauteous and sweet,
Now fade on her Bosom, and die at his Feet;
As fair in their Bloom, and as foul in Decay,
Such *Colin* when present, and *Colin*, away,

V.

In Rage and Dispair from the Ground she arose,
And from her the Flowers so faded she throws;
She weeps in the Stream, and she Sighs to the Wind,
And resolves to drive *Colin* quite out of her Mind

VI.

But what her Resolves when her *Colin* appear'd,
The Stream it stood still, and no Tempest was heard;
The Flowers recover'd their beautiful Hue,
She found he was kind, and believ'd he was true.

S O N G CXI.

I.

YE Nymphs and Swains that sweetly play,
On *Tweed's* fam'd Banks, or winding *Tay*;
Ah! say, ah! say, what happy Spot detains
My *Peggy*, since she left these Plains;
Say in what Bower, beneath what Shade,
Soft slumbers lull the gentle Maid;
Beneath what Shade,
Soft slumbers lull the gentle Maid,
For love shall lend me Wings to fly,
And powerful Fancy place me nigh.

II.

Alas! the blissful Scene how chang'd
Where once we both with Pleasure rang'd;
Not half so fair the Lilly springs,
Not half so sweet the Linnet Sings;
Haste then thou lovely fair once more,
O haste to bless the Southern Shore;
And *April's* Clouds shall smile as gay,
As all the Sunny Pride of *May*.

III.

III.

Yet rather may the Fates deny,
 The Beauties to my longing Eye ;
 If Time a cruel Change has wrought,
 On *Tweed* a sweeter Lesson taught ;
 But shou'd thy faithful Shepherd find,
 His lovely *Peggy* still is kind ;
 Then Absence shall thy Charms improve,
 And I with double Rapture love.

SONG CXII.

The Words by Mr. BOYCE.

I.

AS t'other Day o'er the green Meadow I pass'd,
 A Swain over took me, and held my Hand fast,
 Then cry'd my dear *Lucy*, thou Cause of my Care,
 How long must thy faithful young *Thirsis* despair :
 Crown my soft Wishes, no longer be shy,
 But frowning I answer'd, oh ! fye Shepherd fye.

II.

He told me his Passion like Time shou'd endure,
 That Beauty which kindled his Flame, wou'd secure,
 That all my sweet Charms, were for Pleasure design'd,
 And Youth was the Season to Love and be kind ;
 Lord, what cou'd I say ? I cou'd hardly deny,
 But faintly I utter'd, Oh ! fye Shepherd fye.

III.

He swore with a Kiss that he would not refrain,
 I told him 'twas rude, but he kiss'd me again,
 My Conduct, ye Fair Ones in Question ne'er call,
 Nor think I did wrong, I did nothing at a ll,
 Resolv'd to resist, yet inclin'd to comply,
 Now guess if I still said, Oh ! fye Shepherd fye.

SONG CXIII.

SALLY of the DALE.

I.

LEAVE your *Parnassus* sacred Nine,
 May I with you prevail ;
 In Harmony to chant with me
 Dear *Sally* of the Dale.

II.

Her lovely Form and pleasing Mein,
 Her matchless Charms unveil ;
 Majestic Grace adorns the Face,
 Of *Sally* of the Dale.

III.

Next view her gently-rising Breast,
 Which does new Sweets exhale ;
 Each courts the Bliss to gain a Kiss,
 From *Sally* of the Dale.

IV.

By Reason's Force and Energy,
 She can Mankind assail ;
 True Eloquence attracts our Sense,
 In *Sally* of the Dale.

V.

She reigns the Mirrour of her Age,
 Whose Power ne'er will fail ;
 None can express the Happiness,
 Of *Sally* of the Dale.

S O N G CXIV.

I.

COME thou God of soft Desire,
Hear, hear your *Strephon's* fond Request;
You, you have taught me how to love,
Make, make me, make me likewise blest.
Transform me to some gentle Gale,
Sporting in yon warbling Grove,
And there I'll seek my *Kitty's* Bower;
And wisper choicest Tales of Love.

II.

But shou'd her Doves or fleecy Care,
Invite her from her cool Retreat,
I'll close persue her wandring Steps,
And gaurd her from the Noon-Day Heat.
Or by the gently murm'ring Stream,
Those vermil tinctur'd Lips I'll kiss,
And whilst I fan that beautious Form,
Shall revel in Excess of Bliss.

III.

But when the silent Shades at Night,
Tempt my fair one to her Rest.
O! may I then resume my Form,
And die a Swain on *Kitty's* Breast.

S O N G CXV.

I.

I Sing of a Damsel just turn'd of sixteen,
Who never the World, nor its Dangers; had seen;
But yet was so wise as to know,
But yet was so wise as to know,
That when ask'd for Favours she should not bestow,
'Twas better to answer, Heigh—ho!
'Twas better to answer, Heigh—ho!

II.

II.

The Swains in the Village, were struck with her
 Charms,
 Each wish'd her a thousand Times clasp'd in his Arms;
 Yet none of them all durst tell her so;
Yet none of them all durst tell her so;
 For tho' she no Answer when courted wou'd show,
 Her Answer was always,—Heigh—ho!
Her Answer was always,—Heigh—ho!

III.

This Damsel by Chance one Day carelessly stray'd,
 Where Roger was busy with Pickax and Spade,
 But she did not see him I tro,
 For down in the Grass her soft Limbs she did throw,
 And sigh'd (without knowing)—Heigh—ho!

IV.

The Winds as she slept with her Beauties made free,
 And as the young Delver those Beauties did see,
 No wonder his Bosom did glow;
 In such Case as this he's a Fool that lets go,
 A Damsel that answers—Heigh—ho!

V.

She wak'd in a Fright, but too late to prevent
 What now she perciev'd was his wicked Intent,
 For he had surpriz'd her you know;
 Yet willing at last some Resentment to show,
 She cry'd in a Passion—Heigh—ho!

SONG CXVI.

I.

COME hither, come hither, ye languishing, Swains
Here's a Balm that will cure and relieve all your
Pains,

Here's a Balm that will cure and relieve all your Pains,
To the Fountain of Pleasure, in Raptures resort,
'Tis the Summons of Humour to *Comus's Court*,
'Tis the Summons of Humour to Comus's Court,
'Tis *Comus* invites, then the Summons obey,
A while leave your Cares, and to pleasures away,
'Tis *Comus* invites, then the Summons obey,
A while leave your Cares and to Pleasures away.
A while leave your Cares and to Pleasures away.

II.

Here *Phæbus* shall sing, and old *Monius* shall laugh,
And his Bottle of Nectar brave *Bacchus* shall quaff:
When *Time*, honest *Time*, for a while shall be still,
And sit down like a Soul, till he tipples his Fill,
Nor Care, nor Mistrust shall intrude on our Joys,
For it's *Comus* invites— then away my brave Boys.

III:

Should Losses, or Crosses, perplex ye, besure,
Ply the Glass briskly round for Misfortunes a Cure;
Asculapius of Old had recourse to the Bowl,
And the Doctor you know was a special good Soul,
While Health, rosy Health, fills the Bumpers around,
For without 'em, he swears there's no Bliss to be found.

IV.

Then away ye brave Fellows to *Comus's Shrine*,
Where Friendship and Humour incessantly join;
Where Freedom and Mirth with the Bottle unite,
To beguile all your Care, and with Rapture delight;
Then hark to the Call, and no longer delay,
For 'tis *Comus* invites — to his Temple away.

S O N G CXVII.

I.

I Never loved but one Fair Maid,
And she did prove untrue,
Untrue to him who to her paid,
More Love than was her due,
More Love than was her due.

II.

Her wand'ring Heart and faithless Eyes,
Made many a Shepherd weep,
While all of them fought for the Prize,
Which none of them could keep.

III.

Ah! since 'tis so ye Gods said I,
Ye righteous Pow'rs above,
Revenge on her my Misery,
My true but slighted Love.

IV.

May she know what it is to love,
And fix her wand'ring Heart,
On one who will unconstant prove,
And let her feel the Smart.

V.

So may she love as she made me,
And find the same Disdain ;
Since she was pleas'd with Cruelty,
Now may she feel the Pain.

SONG CXVIII.

The DREAM.

I.

COME gentle God of soft Repose,
And lull my Soul to rest,
In thy Embraces let me lose,
The Pangs that rack my Breast,
Arise ye dear Deceits arise,
And drest in *Damon's Form*,
My long expecting wishing Eyes,
With his Resemblance charm.
With his Resemblance charm.

II.

Those melting Sounds still let me hear,
Which did his Flame impart :
Which blest with Love my list'ning Ear,
And pierc'd my yielding Heart,
Why rove my Thoughts on pleasing Cares,
Which only Dreams bestow ;
For Oh ! when e'er the Morn appears,
I wake to endless Woe.

III.

The envious Light from my sad Eyes,
Drives ev'ry Joy away ;
With Night the lovely Phantom flies,
And leaves me lost in Day,
Since waking thus I am distress'd,
And Pleasures fled with him ;
If sleeping I can still be blest,
Let Life be all a Dream.

SONG CXIX.

I.

SEE *Stella* see that Chrystal Stream,
 Adorn the Valley stray,
 Can Art attempt, or Fancy dream,
 To guide its winding Way,
To guide its winding Way.
 So pleas'd I view thy shining Hair,
 In artless Ringlets flow,
 Not all thy Art, not all thy Care,
Not all thy Art, not all thy Care,
 Can there one Grace bestow.
Can there one Grace bestow.

II.

Behold again that verdant Hill,
 With Flowers enamell'd o'er;
 Nor can the Painter's utmost Skill,
 Pretend to please us more.
 In vain wouldst thou with baneful Eyes,
 Mend what thy Cheeks disclose:
 O may my Fair before she try,
 Improve the blooming Rose.

III.

Though now the Linnets tuneful Throat,
 Each studied Grace excell;
 Let Art constrain his rambling Note,
 Then will it please so well;
 Oh! ever keep thy native Ease,
 By no Ill Modes confin'd;
 For *Stella's* Voice is found to please,
 When *Stella's* Words are kind.

S O N G CXX.

I.

IN lowring Clouds the Day was drest,
The wintry Temptes blew,
When *Fanny* o'er her snowy Breast,
A Sable Tippet threw,
Then *Cupid* said thus naked
I must bear the peircing Wind,
Beneath that Tippet let me lie,
And kindly shelter find.
And kindly, &c.

II.

That trifling Favour shall be thine,
The pitting Maid reply'd ;
But first that useles Bow resign,
And lay those Darts aside.
The Joyful *God* with eager Haste,
The graceful Fair obey'd ;
And on her soft delicious Breast,
His shiv'ring Limbs he laid.

III.

At length I taste a Joy sincere,
Cry'd out the happy *God* ;
O let me living ever here,
Maintain this blest Abode. *o. 1*
But soon he felt more piercing Cold,
Than e'er before he knew ;
And forc'd to quit his heavenly Hold,
He strait to *Paphos* flew.

SONG CXXI.

I.

L O V E never more shall give thee Pain,
 My Fancy's fix'd on thee
 Nor ever Maid my Heart shall gain,
 My *Peggy* if thou die.
 Thy Beauties d'd such Pleasure give,
 Thy Love's so true to me,
 Without thee I can never live,
 My Deary if thou die.

II.

If Fate should tear thee from my Breast,
 How lonely shall I stray ;
 In dreary Dreams the Night I'll waste,
 In Sighs the Silent Day :
 I ne'er can so much Virtue find,
 Nor such Perfection see ;
 Then I'll renounce all Womankind,
 My *Peggy* after thee.

III.

No new blown Beauty fires my Heart,
 With *Cupid's* raving Rage ;
 But thine which can such Sweets impart,
 Must all the World engage :
 'Twas this that like the Morning Sun,
 Gave Joy and Life to me ;
 And when it's destin'd Day is come,
 With *Peggy* let me die.

IV.

Ye Pow'rs that smile on Virtuous Love,
 And in such Pleasure share ;
 You who it's faithful Flames approve,
 With Pity view the Fair ;

Restore

Restore my *Peggy's* wonted Charms,
Those Charms so dear to me;
Oh! never rob them from those Arms,
I'm lost if *Peggy* die.

S O N G CXXII.

The GARLAND.

I.

TH E Pride of every Grove I chose,
The Violet sweet and Lilly fair;
The dapled Pink, the blushing Rose,
To deck my charming *Sally's* Hair.

II.

At Morn the Nymph vouchsaf'd to place,
Upon her Brow, the various Wreath;
The Flowers less blooming than her Face,
The Scent less fragrant than her Breath.

III.

The Sweets she wore along the Day,
And every Nymph and Shepherd said,
That in her Hair they look'd more gay,
Than glowing in their native Bed.

IV.

Undress'd at Evening, when she found,
Their Odours lost, their Colours past;
She chang'd her Look, and on the Ground,
Her Garland and her Eyes she cast.

V.

That Eye dropt Sense, distinct and clear,
As any Muses Tongue could speak;
When from its Lid a pearly Tear,
Ran trickling down her beaut'ous Cheek.

VI.

Dissembling what I knew full well,
 My Love my Life, said I, explain,
 This Change of Humour ; prythee tell,
 That falling Tears what does it mean.

VII.

She sigh'd, she smil'd, and to the Flowers,
 Pointing, the lovely Moralist said,
 See Friend in some few fleeting Hours,
 Behold ye what a Change is made.

VIII.

Ah me ! the blooming Pride of *May*,
 And that of Beauty are but one ;
 At Morn both flourish, bright and gay ;
 Both fade at Evening pale and gone.

IX.

At Dawn poor *Stella* danc'd and sung,
 The amorous Youths around her bow'd,
 At Night her fatal Knell was rung,
 I saw and kiss'd her in her Shroud.

X.

Such as she is who died to Day,
 Such alas ! may be to morrow,
 Go *Damon* bid the Muse display,
 The Justice of thy *Sally's* Sorrow.

SONG CXXIII.

Sung by Mrs. CLIVE,

In the Tempest; or the Enchanted Island.

WHERE the Bee sucks, there lurk I,
Where the Bee sucks, there lurk I,
In a cowslip Bed I lye,
There I couch when Owls do cry;
On the Batt's Back I do fly.
Where the Bee sucks, there lurk I,
Where the Bee sucks, there lurk I,
In a cowslip-Bed I lye,
There I couch when Owls do cry;
On the Batt's Back I do fly,
After Sun-set merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily,
merrily,
Shall I live now,
Under the Blossom that hangs on the Bough,
That hangs on the Bough;
Under the Blossom that hangs on the Bough.

SONG CXXIV.

CROSS PURPOSES.

I.

PALÆMON lov'd *Pastora*,
Pastora sigh'd for *Damon*;
But *Damon* lov'd *Aurora*,
Aurora, young *Palæmon*.

II.

II.

Palæmon gave *Pastora*,
 A Wreath and Shepherd's Crook;
 And *Damon* gave *Aurora*,
 A Knot and Reaping-Hook.

III.

Pastora gave to *Damon*,
 A Cap with Chaplets crown'd;
Aurora gave *Palæmon*,
 A Pipe with Hazel bound.

IV.

The Cap with Chaplets crown'd,
 Young *Damon* gave *Aurora*;
 The Pipe with Hazel bound,
Palæmon gave *Pastora*.

V.

The Wreath and Shepherd's Crook,
Pastora gave her *Damon*;
 The Knot and Reaping-Hook,
Aurora gave *Palæmon*.

VI.

So crossly-turn'd their Presents went,
 Their Love's so oddly varied,
 That every Token that was sent,
 It's true Design miscarried.

SONG CXXV.

I.

THYRSIS, the Glory of our Plains,
 A lovely blooming Youth;
 In whose unspotted Bosom reigns,
 Fair Virtue, Love, and Truth.

II

One Evening sitting by my Side,
Took, from his lovely Breast,
A fragrant Flower in all the Pride,
Of blooming Beauty dress'd.

III.

Then with a sweet engaging Air,
From Affectation free,
Tho' lovelier *Arabel* was there,
Presented it to me.

IV.

A glowing Blush o'er spreads my Face,
While I this Truth impart ;
Just as he gave this Flower, alas !
He stole my Virgin Heart.

V.

Yet need I blush, since pure and chaste,
Is my unblemish'd flame,
Nor dwells there in my guiltless Breast,
A Wish deserving blame.

IV.

Still in my Heart the tenderest Love,
For this dear Youth I find ;
No Time, nor Absence can remove,
His Image from my Mind.

S O N G CXXVI.

I.

A W A Y let nought to Love displeasing,
My dear *Cleroa*, move thy Fear,
Let nought delay the heavenly Blessing,
Nor squeamish Pride, nor gloomy Care.

II.

II.

What tho' no grant of Royal Doners,
 With pompous Titles Grace our Blood,
 We'll shine in more substantial Honours,
 And to be Noble, we'll be good.

III.

What tho' from Fortunes lavish Bounty,
 No mighty Treasures we possess,
 We'll find within our Pittance Plenty,
 And be content, without Excess,

IV.

Still shall each kind returning Season,
 Sufficient for our Wishes give,
 For we will live a Life of Reason,
 And that's the only way to live.

V.

Our Name, whilst Virtue thus we tender,
 Shall sweetly sound where'er tis spoke;
 And all the Great Ones much shall Wonder,
 How they admire such little Folks.

VI.

Through Youth and Age, in Love excelling,
 We'll Hand in Hand together tread,
 Sweet smiling Peace shall crown our Dwelling,
 Sweet smiling Babes shall grace our Bed.

VII.

How should I love the pretty Creatures,
 Whilst round my Knees they fondly Clung,
 In them to see their Mother's Features,
 To hear them Lisp their Mother's Tongue.

VIII.

And when with Envy Time transported,
 Shall think to rob us of our Joys,
 You'll in your Girls again be Courtied,
 And I go Wooing in my Boys.

S O N G CXXVII.

I.

WHEN *Phæbus* with chearful Ray,
 Illumes more southern Skies;
 All Nature mourns the God of Day,
 Droops, sickens, fades, and dies.

II.

But when more ardent he returns,
 High gleaming from afar;
 Parch'd up with Heat all Nature burns,
 Beneath his rapid Car.

III.

By fair *Narcissa's* brighter Eyes,
 Thus doubly we expire,
 Chearless if she their Light denies,
 And scorched beneath their Fire.

S O N G CXXVIII.

I.

TO *Harriate*, all accomplish'd Fair,
 Begin, ye Nine, a grateful Air,
 Ye Graces join her Worth to tell,
 And blazon what you can't excell.

II.

Let *Flora* rifle all her Bowers,
 For fragrant Shrubs, and painted Flowers,
 And in her vernal Robes array'd,
 Present them to the noble Maid.

III.

Her Breath shall give them new perfume,
 Her Blushes shall their Dies out-bloom;
 The Lilly now no more shall boast,
 Its Whiteness in her Bosom lost.

Y

See

IV.

See yon delicious Woodbines rise,
 By Oaks exalted to the Skies;
 So view in *Harriote's* matchless Mind,
 Humility and Greatness join'd.

V.

To paint her Dignity and Ease,
 Form'd to command and form'd to please;
 In Wreaths expressive, be there wove,
 The Birds of *Venus* and of *Jove's*.

VI.

There, where th'immortal Lawrel grows,
 And there where Blooms the crimson Rose;
 Be with this Lyre the Chaplet bound,
 That Beauty is with Virtue crown'd.

SONG CXXIX.

TWAS in the Bloom of *May*,
 When Odours breathe around;
 When Nymphs are blyth and gay,
 And all with Mirth abound;
 That happily I stray'd
 To view my fleecy Care,
 Where I beheld a Maid,
 No Mortal e'er so fair,
No Mortal e'er so fair.

She wore upon her Head,
 A Bonnet made of Straw,
 Which such a Face did shade,
 As *Phæbus* never saw:

Her Locks of Nut-brown Hue,
A round-ear'd Coif conceal'd;
Which to my pleasing View,
A sporting Breeze reveal'd,
A sporting Breeze reveal'd.

Around her slender Waiste,
A Scrip embroider'd hung;
The Lute her Fingers grac'd,
Accompany'd with a Song;
With such a pleasing Note,
Cuzzoni might regale;
Or *Philomela's* Throat,
That warbles thro' the Vale,
That warbles thro' the Vale.

Not long I stood to view
Struck with her heav'nly Air;
I to the Charmer flew,
And caught the yielding Fair:
Hear this, ye scornful Belles,
And milder Ways pursue;
She that in Charms excels,
Excels in Kindness too,
Excels in Kindness too.

S O N G

S O N G CXXX.

R E C I T I T A V E.

I.

HOW gentle was my *Damon's* Air,
 Like sunny Beams his golden Hair;
 His Voice was like the *Nightingale's*
 More sweet his Breath than flow'ry Vales:
 How hard such Beauties to resign,
 And yet that cruel Task is mine.
How hard such Beauties. &c.

A I R.

II.

On ev'ry Hill, in ev'ry Grove,
 Along the Margin of each Stream;
 Dear conscious Scenes of former Love,
 I mourn and *Damon* is my Theme:
 The Hills, the Groves, the Streams remain,
 But *Damon* there I seek in vain.
The Hills, the Groves, &c.

III.

From Hill, from Dale each Charm is fled,
 Groves, Flocks, and Mountains please no more,
 Each Flow'r in Pity droops its Head,
 All Nature does my Loss deplore:
 All, all reproach the faithless Swain,
 Yet *Damon* still I seek in vain.
All, all reproach, &c.

S O N G CXXXI.

AT St *Osyth* by the Mill,
There lives a lovely Lass,
O had I her good Will,
How gayly Life would pass :
No bold intruding Care
My Bliss should e'er destroy ;
Her Smiles would gild Despair,
And brighten ev'ry Joy.

Like Nature's rural Scene,
Her artless Beauties charm ;
Like them with Joy serene,
Our wishing Hearts they warm ;
Her Wit with Sweetness crown'd,
Steals ev'ry Sense away ;
The list'ning Swains around
Forget the short'ning Day.

Health, Freedom, Wealth, and Ease,
Without her tasteless are ;
She gives them Pow'r to please,
And makes them worth our Care :
Is there, ye Fates, a Bliss,
Reserved for my Share ;
Indulgent hear my Wish,
And grant it all in her.

SONG CXXXII.

IF Love be a Fault, and in me thought a Crime,
How great's my Offence, bear you witness, O
Time ;

The Days, and the Nights, and the Hours as they
roll'd,

You know may be felt, but are ne'er to be told :
One Day past away, and saw nothing but Love,
Another came on, and the same thing did prove ;
The Sun is grown tir'd, still to look on the same,
But I grew more pleas'd as the next Moment came.

I saw you all Day, and all Day with new Gust,
And yet ev'ry Day was to me as the first ;
Thus fleeting Time passes with Down on its Wings,
And whilst this remains, rest unenvy'd, ye Kings :
If this be a Crime be my Judges, ye Fair,
And if I must suffer for what is so rare,
True Lovers hereafter this Wonder shall tell,
The Cause of my Death was for loving too well.

SONG CXXXIII.

ONE Summer's Eve, as *Strephon* rov'd,
Wrapt up in Thought profound ;
Surpriz'd he saw his best lov'd,

Lie sleeping on the Ground :

Awake, my pretty sleeper, wake,

Awake to *Strephon's* Call ;

Be careful, for your Lover's Sake,

'Tis Night, the Dew-drops fall.

Then

Then to her Cheek his Lips he laid,
 And gently stole a Kiss ;
 She still slept on, he not dismay'd,
 Repeats the transient Bliss :
 She wakes, and thus with eager Tone,
 Away, away, she cries ;
 Then fault'ring, bids the Swain begone,
 She sigh'd and clos'd her Eyes.

Tho' cruel are your Words, sweet Maid,
 Can sighs proceed from Hate ;
 My Doubts are gone, then down he laid,
 Resolv'd to share her Fate :
 Defended from the noxious Air,
 Within his Arms she lay ;
 And tho' the Swain oft wak'd the Fair,
 She said no more till Day.

S O N G CXXXIV.

TIS Wine makes us love, and Love makes us
 drink,
 And each does the other improve ;
 I'll think myself Jove, while these I enjoy,
 Nor own myself Mortal till old.

Chorus. Then join 'em, my Boys, make the Blessings
 divine,
 For Men must be Gods when they've Women
 and Wine.

When old I am grown, and toying is past,
 In Wine I must place all my Joy ;
 And tho' I'm unfit for Love to the last,
 Yet still I can drink till I die.

Chorus. Then join 'em, my Boys, make the Blessings
 divine,

For Men must be Gods when they've Women
 and Wine.

S O N G CXXXV.

TO keep my gentle *Jesse*,
 What Labour wou'd seem heard ;
 Each toilsome Task how easy,
 Her Love the sweet Reward.
 The Bee thus uncomplaining,
 Esteems no Toil severe :
 The sweet Rewards obtaining,
 Of Honey all the Year.

Blythe JOCKEY

BLYTHE *Jockey*, young and gay,
 Is all my Heart's Delight ;
 He's all my Talk by Day,
 And all my Dreams by Night,
 And all my Dreams by Night,
 If from the Lad I be,
 'Tis Winter then with me ;
 But when he tarries here,
 'Tis Summer all the Year,
 'Tis Summer all the Year.

When

When I and *Jockey* met
 First, on the flow'ry Dale,
 Right sweetly he me tret,
 And Love was all his Tale,
 And Love, &c.
 " You are the Lafs, said he,
 " That stole my Heart from me ; "
 And look'd so sweetly kind,
 That I my Heart resign'd,
 That I my Heart, &c.

I'm glad when *Jockey* comes,
 Sad when he gangs away ;
 'Tis Night when *Jockey* glooms,
 But when he smiles 'tis Day,
 But when, &c.

When our Eyes meet, I pant,
 I colour, sigh, and faint ;
 What Lafs, that wou'd be kind,
 Can better tell her Mind,
 Can better tell her Mind.

SONG CXXXVI.

Haughty STREPHON.

YE Gods that round fair *Celia* wait,
 From her bright Eyes to bring my Fate,
 Bear to the Nymph my softest Sighs,
 And tell her, her Adorer dies ;
 But if that won't her Pity move,
 And she, proud Thing, disdains to Love;
 Then let her know 'tis all a Lye,
 For haughty *Strephon* scorns to die.

SONG

SONG CXXXVII.

To the Tune of, The Roast Beast of Old England.

BOATSWAIN.

I.

SINCE again bold Defiance appears in proud *France*,
Ye *fraunc* *British* Tars, let us boldly advance;
And now in our Turns let us teach them to dance.

CHORUS of *Jolly Tars*.

O! the brave Tars of Old England ;
And, O! the Old English brave Tars.

II.

Tho' furious at first, yet we know they'll soon fly O ;
But brave *British* Tars, they will conquer or dye O ;
From the Shores of old *Thames*, to the Banks of *Ohio*.
O the brave Tars, &c.

III.

As soon as just Vengeance shall take up her Whip,
From the Head to the Stern they will tremble and
skip ;
For they live on *Soup Maigre*, while we drink good
Flip.

O the brave Tars, &c.

IV.

Our Commanders, tho' wise, will give Valour due
Scope,
As the Ship is impell'd, or restrain'd, by a Rope ;
Fair Caution's our Helm, and our Anchor is Hope.

O the brave Tars, &c.

V.

V.

As soon as our glorious Commander embarks
In spite of the Threats of ten Thousand Mon—archs:
We are Gudgeons, they think; but they'll find we
are Sharks.

O the brave Tars, &c.

VI.

The Genius of *Britain* behold on the Deck,
And *Old English* Faith without Blemish or Speck;
For either, or both, I'd venture my Neck.

O the brave Tars, &c.

VII.

Behold Naval Glory presents her own Crown t'ye:
Come hither, brave Boys, from each Town and each
County,

And joyous partake of His Majesty's Bounty.

O the brave Tars, &c.

VI.

No more shall the *French*, with their *Gascoinades*,
brave ye,

But each Fop in Armour shall cry out *Peccavi*;

Sing Huzzah! to King **G E O R G E**, and his brave
Royal Navy.

CHORUS of *Jolly Tars*.

O! the brave Tars of Old England;

And, O! the Old English brave Tars.

S O N G

SONG CXXXVIII.

I.

I'LL to some shady cool Retreat,
 Where spreading Trees conspire to meet,
 To hide my Blush while I repeat,
 The Love I bear my *Collin* :
 Name all that's amiable in Love,
 My *Collin* amply doth improve,
 The sacred Truth of Heaven above,
 Is center'd in my *Collin*.

II.

Was I possess'd of Monarchs Lands,
 Of Eastern Shores, or golden Sands ;
 No one shou'd share in *Hymen's* Bands,
 With me but lovely *Collin* :
 With him, beneath a Myrtle Seat,
 I'll sing and bless my happier Fate,
 Than seated on a Throne of State,
 With any one but *Collin*.

III.

So long as Satan's Glass shall run,
 Or Persians hail the Rising Sun,
 Or till my Thread of Life is spun,
 So long shall I love *Collin* ;
 And when I take the parting Kiss,
 In Death I'll cheer my Heart with this ;
 That I shall meet in future Bliss,
 Again, with thee my *Collin*.

S O N G CXXXIX.

FILL me a Bowl, a mighty Bowl,
Large as my capacious Soul;
Large as my capacious Soul;
Vast as my Thirst is,
Let it have Depth enough to be my Grave
I mean the Grave of all my Care,
For I design to bury't there;
Let it of Silver fashion'd be,
Worthy of Wine, worthy of me,
Worthy to adorn the Spheres,
Worthy to adorn the Spheres.
As that bright Cup, as that bright Cup,
Amongst the Stars,
Fill me a Bowl, a mighty Bowl,
Large as my capacious Soul.

S O N G CXL.

To the Tune of, One Night I dream'd a pretty Dream.

*Made by a Sailor, whilst he was Prisoner on the Island
of Cuba, the last War.*

I.

TWAS on a River's verdent Side,
Just at the Close of Day,
Young *Herton* sporting with his Bride,
In fair *Cuba's* Island lay.

II.

Alas! Alas! young *Herton* cry'd,
Is this the last Day?
That I have here for to abide,
Before I must away.

A a

III.

And she began to weep and moan,
When that she heard him say,
Alas ! my Dear, I must be gone,
From you this very Day.

IV.

Farewell, he cry'd. ye silver Streams,
Ye shady Woods adieu,
Where *Phæbus* us'd to dart his Beams,
And blest both me and you:

V.

Farewell ye charming pleasant Fields,
Soft Scenes of happy Love ;
Farewell ye charming lofty Trees,
Where I was us'd to rove.

VI.

No more with you I may converse,
See yonder's setting Sun,
Attends whilst I my last rehearse,
And then I must be gone.

VII.

Weep not my tender loving Mate,
Tho' it has happened so ;
It is the hard Decree of Fate,
And I with Sorrow go.

VIII.

But if a safe Return betide,
Then this is true, I swear ;
That I will make you my Bride,
My Life, my Love, my Dear.

S O N G CXLI.

The LADY's Answer.

I.

HOW can I chuse but weep my Dear,
With you now for to part;
One that I lov'd most sincere,
With all my Soul and Heart.

II.

And I shall always weeping be,
When you from me are gone;
Whilst you are crossing of the Sea,
I shall pray for your Return.

III.

O cruel! cruel! dismal Fate,
To tare my Love from me,
And give our Bliss so short a Date,
O! when shall I my True-love see?

IV.

I would go search all round the World,
Could I my True-love find,
That was from me forc'd and hurl'd,
So much against his Mind.

V.

Full Seven Years I'll wait for thee, my Dear,
And spend the Time, in Grief and Pain,
But this, alas! I greatly fear,
You'll ne'er return again.

VI.

VI.

But I'll love no more, for thy dear sake,
 Nor e'er incline my Breast
 Thinking on thee my Heart will break,
 With Grief and Want of Rest.

VII.

I like the Turtle Dove will mourn,
 The Loss of my dear Mate,
 And every Day with Sighs and groans,
 Lament my wretched Fate,

VIII.

And when kind Death shall summons me,
 I'll go, void of all fear,
 And sing for Joy, that I'm set free,
 To meet with thee, my Dear.

S O N G XLII.

I.

Wherever I'm going, and all the Day long,
 Whether at Home, or alone in a Throng,
 I find that my Passion's so lively and strong,
 That your Name, when I'm silent, runs still in my
 Song.

Sing *Balinamone Ora, Balinnamone Ora,*
Balinamone Ora, a Kiss of your sweet Lips for me.

II.

Since the first Time I saw you, I take no Repose,
 I sleep all the Day to forget half my Woes;
 So hot is the Flame in my Bosom which glows,
 By *St Patrick* I fear it will burn thro' my Cloaths,
 Sing *Balinamone Ora, Balinnamone Ora,*
 Your pretty black Hair for me:

III.

In my Conscience, I fear I shall die in my Grave,
 Unless you comply, and poor *Phelim* will shave;
 And grant the Petition your Lover does crave,
 Who never was free till you made him your Slave.
 Sing *Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,*
 Your pretty black Eyes for me.

IV.

On that happy Day, when I make you my Bride
 With a swinging long Sword, how I'll strut and I'll
 stride!
 In a Coach and six Horses, with Honey I'll ride,
 As before you I walk to the Church by your Side.
 Sing *Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,*
 Your little white Fist for me.

S O N G CXLIII.

I.

OF good English Beer our Songs let's raise,
 We've a Right by our Freedom Charter;
 And follow our brave Forefathers Ways,
 Who liv'd in the Days of King *Arthur*:
 Of those gallant Days loud Fame has told,
 Beer gave the stout *Britons* Spirit,
 In Love they spoke Truth, in War they were bold,
 And flourish'd by Dint of Merit.

B b

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Then like them crown our Bowls,
 Our plenteous brown Bowls,
 And take them off clever;
 To all true *English* Souls,
 And Old *England*, Old *England*, for ever,
 Huzza Old *England* for ever,
 Huzza Old *England* for ever,
 Old *England*, Old *England*,
 Huzza Old *England* for ever.

II.

The Glory in Love, or War they won,
 By Fighting, Retreats, and Sallies,
 Was from the Production of their own,
 Good Beer and roast Beef in their Bellies;
 All foreign Attempts they did disdain,
 So fir'd with Resolution;
 For Liberty they'd bleed ev'ry Vein,
 To keep their own Constitution.
Chorus. Then like them crown our Bowls, &c.

III.

Like them let us fill, and drink, and sing,
 To all who our State are aiding;
 To Commerce, that our Wealth does bring,
 And every Branch of our Trading;
 By Commerce all Grandeur we sustain,
 That makes us a powerful Nation;
 Then let us agree, and with Vigour maintain
 Our Trade and our Navigation.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Then like them crown our Bowls,
 Our plenteous brown Bowls,
 And take them off clever;
 To all true English Sou's,
 And Old *England*, Old *England*, for ever.
 Huzza Old *England* for ever,
 Huzza Old *England* for ever;
 Old *England*, Old *England*,
 Huzza Old *England* for ever.

SONG CXLIV.

I.

DEAR unrelenting cruel Fair,
 How could you first my Heart ensnare,
 Then leave that Heart to break.
Then leave that Heart to break.
 How could you first obtain a Prize,
 By those dear sweet deluding Eyes,
 And then that Prize forsake.
And then that Prize forsake.

II.

Like the close everlasting Flame,
 My Heart is doom'd to burn the same,
 Whilst you the Heart inspire;
 You like the Vestal void of Sleep,
 Within eternal Vigils keep,
 And feed the fainting Fire.

III.

Dear cruel Nymph those Flames suppress,
 O love me more, or plague me less;
 Too much you know I've bore:
 For shame throw off that haughty Air,
 And shew the soft complying Fair,
 Or let me love no more.

SONG CXLV.

I.

WHILST on thy dear Bosom lying,
 When the Rapture I'm enjoying,
Cælia who can speak my Bliss,
 When thy balmy Lips I Kifs,
 Every look with Love inspires me,
 Every Touch my Bosom warms,
 Every melting Murmur fires me,
 Every Joy is in thy Arms.

II.

Those dear Eyes how soft they languish,
 Feel my Heart with Rapture beat,
 Pleasure turns almost to Anguish,
 When the Transport is so sweet.
 Look not so divinely on me,
Cælia I shall die with Bliss,
 Yet, yet turn those Eyes upon me,
 Who'd not die a Death like this.

SONG CXLVI.

FAREWEL ungrateful Traitor,
 Farewel my perjur'd Swain,
 Let never injur'd Creature,
 Believe a Man again.

Tis easy to deceive us,
 In pity of your Pain,
 But when we love you leave us,
 To rail at you in vain.

Sigh no more, Ladies, sigh no more,
Men were Deceivers ever ;
One Foot at Sea, and one on Shore,
To one Thing constant never.

S O N G CXLVII.

The MEETING KISS.

I.

L E T me fly into thy Arms,
Let me taste again thy Charms,
Kiss me, press me, to thy Breast,
In Rapture not to be exprest.
Let me Clasp thy lovely Waiste,
Throw thy Arms around my Neck,
Thus embracing and embrac'd,
Nothing shall our Raptures check.
Nothing shall our Raptures check.

II.

Heart with mutual Pleasure glowing,
Lips with Lips together growing,
Eyes with Tears of Gladness flowing,
Eyes with Tears of Gladness flowing,
Eyes and Lips and Heart shall show,
The Excess of Joy that Lovers know,
The Excess of Joy, the Excess of Joy,
Of Joy that meeting Lovers know,
Of Joy that meeting Lovers know.

SONG CXLVIII.

The JOVIAL VOLUNTIERS.

ALL jovial Tarrs that have a Mind,
 To serve King *George* that's good and kind,
 Come list, and enter into Pay,
 Then over the Hills and far away :
 Over the Hills and over the Main,
 Your Country's Glory to regain,
 King *George* commands, and we'll obey,
 Over the Hills and far away.

II.

Here's Thirty Shillings, with Cans of Flip,
 And that will make you jump and skip,
 And Plunder get both Night and Day,
 When over the Hills and far away, &c.

III.

Hear that brave Boys, and let us go,
 Or else we shall be press'd you know,
 Then list and enter into Pay,
 And over the Hills and far away :
 Over the Hills, &c.

IV.

The Captains they will search about,
 To find such brisk young Fellows out,
 Then let's be Voluntiers I say,
 Over the Hills and far away ;
 Over, &c.

V.

He that is forc'd to go and fight,
 Will never get true Honour by't ;
 While Voluntiers shall win the Day,
 When o'er the Hills and far away,
 Over, &c.

VI.

Our *Hawke*, like the Immortal *Drake*,
Will make the *French* and *Spaniards* quake,
When o'er the Hills, and o'er the Main,
He breaks their close Intrigues in twain;
And Plunder gets both Night and Day,
When o'er the Hills and far away,
Over, &c.

VII.

For if we go 'tis One to Ten,
But we return all Gentlemen,
All Gentlemen as well as they,
When o'er the Hills and far away:
Over the Hills and over the Main,
Our Country's Glory to maintain.

VIII.

Come brave Boys be not wheedl'd then,
By false designing crafty Men,
That here in Ambush lye,
To betray you all to Slavery,
Then list my Lads and enter into Pay,
And o'er the Hills and far away;
Over the Hills and over the Main,
Your Country's Glory to maintain.

IX.

While our Royal Duke at Home will spy,
The two *Italian* Snakes that here in Ambush lie,
And once again he'll make them fly,
O'er the Hills and far away,
O'er the Hills and far away,
The Wind to blow their false Plad away.

SONG CXLXIX.

I.

YOU spotted Snakes with double Tongue,
Thorny Hedgehogs be not seen ;
Newts and blind Worms do no Wrong,
Come not near the FAIRY QUEEN.
Philomel with Melody,
Sing in your sweet Lullaby,
Lulla, Lulla, Lullaby, Lulla, Lulla, Lullaby.
Never Harm, nor Spell, nor Charm,
Come the Fairy's Pillow nigh,
So good Night with Lullaby.

II.

Weaving Spiders come not here,
Hence you long-legg'd Spinners hence ;
Beetles black approach not near,
Worm nor Snail do no Offence.
Philomel with Melody,
Sing in your sweet Lullaby.
Lulla, Lulla, Lullaby, Lulla, Lulla, Lullaby.
Never Harm, nor Spell, nor Charm,
Come the Fairy's Pillow nigh,
So good Night with Lullaby.

SONG

S O N G C L.

I.

SPRING returns ; the Fawns advance,
 Leading on the sprightly Dance.
 Leading on the Sprightly Dance.
 O'er the Fallow, o'er the Glade,
 Thro' the Sunshine, thro' the Shade,
 Whilst I forlorn and pensive still,
 Sit sighing for my *Daffodil*.

II.

See the wanton Nymphs appear,
 Smiling all, as Smiles the Year ;
 Sporting, print where'er they tread,
 Daisy Ground, or Primrose Bed.

Whilst I, &c.

III.

Now the Swain with wat'ry Shoe,
 Brushes by the Morning Dew,
 With officious Love to bear,
 Fresh blown Cowslips to his Fair,

Whilst I, &c.

IV.

Gentle Nymphs, forsake the Mead,
 To my Love for Pity plead,
 Go, ye Swains, and seek the Fair,
 This my last Petition bear.

Whilst I, &c.

V.

Sweetest Maid, that e'er was seen,
 Dance at Wake, or trip the Green,
 See a Love-sick sighing Swain,
 Hear my Vows, relieve my Pain,
 Or with your Frowns for Pity kill,
 Too charming, cruel, *Daffodil*.

SONG CLI.

I.

COME my Lads, form the Ring,
 Let us dance, let us sing,
 Let us dance, let us sing,
 Great *George* is our King,
 And Huzza! Huzza!
 Great *George* is our King, and Huzza!
 While the Deck floats with Blood,
 And we crimson the Flood,
 Old *England's* our own, and Huzza!
 Old *England*, Old *England*, Old *England*,
 Old *England's* our own, and Huzza!
 Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!

II.

Bear a Hand, hoist away,
Britain's Standard display,
 Steady, steady, my Lads, and Huzza!
 On the Breast of the Deep,
 Our Squadrons shall sweep,
 And scower the Channel; Huzza!

III.

Hark our Guns how they roar,
 See they shake the *French* Shore,
 T'other Volley my Lads, and Huzza!
 This is a *Trio*,
 We'll play at *Ohio*,
 The Symphony still is Huzza!

IV.

Charge again on the Foe,
 'Then redouble the Blow,
 Give three Cheers, and Huzza!
 Now our Glasses we'll ring,
 Here's a Health to our King,
 And the Chorus conclude with Huzza!

S O N G C L I I.

The honest SAILOR's Resolution, to Fight the
F R E N C H.

A New Ballad Sung by a Common SAILOR, before
Admiral A N S O N.

I.

W H A T Ship honest Brother Sailor,
You must stop and let us know,
If you're Enter d or Protected,
You must tell us before you go ;
Here's our Warrants to impress you,
Ne'er repine, my Noble Blood ;
We don't mean for to oppress you,
It's for our King and Country's Good.

II.

Now to humble the proud *Frenchmen*,
British Courage must be shewn,
Or the haughty proud Villains,
Will never know, what is their own,
Their Men-of-war we'll all make rattle,
France shall tremble at our Sight ;
Haste brave-boys, away to Battle,
France you know could never fight.

III.

Must our Merchant Ships be taken,
And we live at home at Ease ;
Our Brother-Sailors jail'd and prison'd,
With buggy Beans, and rotten Peas ;

Their

Their Lodgings, Dungeons, Chains and Fetters,
 In the Limits of the *Indian* Vane :
 Whose Assurance makes us fancy,
 He is Master of the Main.

IV.

Let their King, that Politician,
 With their lofty Dons conspire,
 To appease our Injur'd Nation,
 And evade our *English* Fire :
 Shall it be said in Foreign Nations,
 That a *Frenchman* dare controul,
 The Merchandize and Navigation,
 Of the Generous *British* Soul ?

V.

God prosper long our Noble Monarch,
 Bless the *British* Parliament ;
 Who to right their Fellow Subjects,
 Did so freely give Consent :
 Here's a Health to our brave Admiral,
 And his Seamen who will go,
 With undaunted Resolution,
 For to fight *Old-England's* Foe.

SONG

S O N G C L I I I.

I.

THAT *Jenny's* my Friend, my Delight, and
my Pride,
I always have boasted, and seek not to hide ;
I dwell on her Praises wherever I go,
They say I'm in Love, but I answer'd no,
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
They say I'm in Love, but I answer'd, no, no.

II.

At Evening oft-times with what Pleasure I see,
A Note from her Hand I'll be with you at Tea,
My Heart how it bounds when I hear her below,
But say not its Love, for I answer no, no.

III.

She sings me a Song, and I Eccho its Strain,
Again I cry *Jenny*, sweet *Jenny* again,
I kiss her sweet Lips, as if there I could grow,
But say not its Love, for I answer no, no

IV.

She tells me her Faults as she sits on my Knee,
I chide her, and swear she's an Angel to me,
My Shoulder she taps, and still bids me think so,
Who knows but she Loves, tho' she answers no, no.

V.

From Beauty and Wit, and good Humour how I,
Shou'd Prudence advise, and compel me to fly,
Thy bounty O Fortune, make haste to bestow,
And let me deserve her, or still I'll say no.

S O N G CLIV.

I.

TOO late for Redress, and too soon for my Ease,
 I saw you, I lov'd, and I wish'd I could please;
 I fancy'd your Eyes read the Language of mine,
 And saw my Love's Image reflected on thine;
 The Flatterer Hope to my Ruin led on,
 And taught me to judge of your Heart by my own:
 Self-love to my Wish was at Hand to persuade,
 That my Love was return'd, and my Friendship
 repaid.

II.

But wak'd from this Dream, 'tis with Anguish I find,
 Words and Looks were but civil, which once I
 thought kind;
 Its Colour no longer false Fancy will lend,
 To form the fond Lover, or image the Friend:
 But be still my poor Heart, or beat thee to rest,
 I'll drive this Tormenter, this Love from my Breast,
 I'll break the gay Bauble my Fancy has made,
 And punish the Heart Self-love has betray'd.

S O N G CLV.

The RETORT.

I.

YE Fair from Man's insidious Love,
 Your tender Heart defend,
 Lest the mistaken Bliss ye prove,
 But Sorrow in the End:

Thro'

Thro' Reason scan each artful Man,
Nor Trust your Ear or Eye,
Young Maids beware, young Maids beware, young
Maids beware,
Men Fish ensnare,
With artificial Fly.

II.

With Looks as fair as Summer Flow'rs,
Soft Words like Honey sweet,
And Tears that fall in gentle Show'rs
Your Pity they'll intreat,
Mere common Arts to catch your Hearts,
Each Foible to descry,
Young Maids beware, &c.

III.

The honest Clown that plows the Land,
In Love is all a Cheat,
And Monarchs born to high Command,
Well know the dear Deceit;
In Love's fly Tricks and Politics,
A Promise is a Lie,
Young Maids beware, &c.

IV.

Were Clods of Earth all animate,
Each Blade of Grass a Tongue,
Twou'd waste their Moisture to relate,
The Mischiefs Men have done;
Then guard your Hearts from Cupid's Darts,
And all the Sex defy
*Young Maids beware, Men Fish ensnare,
With artificial Fly.*

SONG CLVI.

I.

YE Mortals whom Fancies and Troubles perplex,
Whom Folly misguides, and Infirmities vex ;
Whose Lives hardly know what it is to be blest,
Who rise without Joy, and lie down without Rest ;
Obey the glad Summons, to *Lethe* repair,
Drink deep of the Stream, and forget all your Care.

II.

Old Maids shall forget what they wish for in vain,
And young ones the Rover, they cannot regain ;
The Rake shall forget how last Night he was cloy'd,
And *Chloe* again be with Passion enjoy'd ;
Obey then the Summons, to *Lethe* repair,
And drink an Oblivion to Trouble and Care.

III.

The Wife at one Draught may forget all her Wants,
Or drench her fond Fool to forget her Gallants ;
The troubled in Mind shall go chearful away,
And Yesterday's Wretch be quite happy To-day ;
Obey then the Summons, to *Lethe* repair,
Drink deep of the Stream, and forget all your Care.

SONG

S O N G C L V I I .

I.

TH O' Begging is an honest Trade,
Which Wealthy Knaves despise,
Yet Rich-men may be Beggars made,
And we that beg may Rise,
The greatest Kings may be betray'd,
And lose their Sovereign Power,
But he that stoops to ask his Bread,
But he that stoops to ask his Bread,
Can never fall much lower.

II.

Tho' Foreigners have swarm'd of late,
And spoil'd our begging Trade,
Yet still we live and drink good Beer,
Tho' they our Rights invade ;
Some say they for Religion fled ;
But wiser People tell us,
They were forc'd here to seek their Bread,
For being too rebellious.

III.

Let heavy Taxes greater grow,
To make our Army fight,
Were 'tis not to be had you know,
The King must lose his Right,
Let one Side laugh, the other mourn,
We nothing have to fear,
But that great Lords will Beggars be,
To be as great as we are.

IV.

What tho' we make the World believe
That we are sick or lame,
Tis now a Virtue to deceive,
Our Teachers do the same ;

In Trade dissembling is no Crime,
 And we may live to see,
 That begging in a little Time,
 The only Trade will be.

S O N G C L V I I I .

HOW can they taste of Joys or Grief,
 Who Beauty's Pow'r did never prove ;
 Love's all our Torments, our Relief,
 Our Fate depends alone on Love.

Was I in heavy Chains confin'd,
Neära's Smiles wou'd ease that State :
 Nor Wealth nor Pow'r could bless my Mind,
 Curs'd by her Absence, or her Hate.

Of all the Plants which shade the Field,
 The fragrant Myrtle does surpass ;
 No Flow'r so gay that does not yield,
 To blooming Rose's gaudy Dress.

No Star so bright that can be seen,
 When *Phæbus'* Glories gild the Skies :
 No Nymph so proud adorns the Green,
 But yields to fair *Neära's* Eyes.

The am'rous Swains no Off'rings bring,
 To *Cupid's* Altar as before :
 To her they play, to her they sing,
 And own in Love no other Pow'r.

Cupid thine Empire to regain,
 Upon this Conqu'ror try thy Dart ;
 O ! touch with Pity for my Pain,
Neära's cold disdainful Heart.

SONG CLIX.

HARRIOT.

Sung by a young Lady.

I.

HARRIOT is a bonny, bonny, bonny, bonny,
 bonny Lass,
 As e'er was in our Country, and as e'er tript o'er the
 Grass;
 She is jolly, she is bonny, she is witty, she is pretty,
 She is chatty and good humour'd;
 She can dance, and she can prance,
 She can grin, and she can sing, *Faldi dali ra-ra.*
 Good lack and a well-a-day, well-a-day, well-a-day,
 Good lack, good lack, and a well-a-day, well-a-day,
 Good lack and a well-a day.

II.

Mary is a Cleaver Girl,
 As e'er was in our County, and never was a Churl;
 She is easy, and will please ye,
 She is chearful, she is careful,
 She's good natured and sincere,
 She can work, and she can play,
 She can laugh, and she can say, *Faldi dalai ra-ra.*

III.

Beauty is a charming little Dog,
 As e'er was in our County, and nothing of the Hog;
 She is humble, she can tumble,
 She is pretty, she is chatty
 She's good natured, and well bred,
 She can play, and she can fray,
 She can jump, and she can Mump, *Faldi dali ra.*

SONG

S O N G CLX.

Bright Author.

BRIGHT Author of my present Flame,
 Am I awake, or do I dream?
 Art thou an Angel that I see,
 Come down from Heaven to comfort me?
 Or art thou a Fury, lately made Escape
 From Hell to cheat me, to cheat me, in a fairer
 Shape?

At Once to dazzle and surprize,
 With Love our Hearts, with Light our Eyes?
With Love our Hearts, with Light our Eyes?

But if thou come protending future Pain,
 E'en, like a blazing Star, retire again,
But if thou come portending future Pain,
E'en, like a blazing Star, retire again.
E'en, like a blazing Star, retire again.

S O N G CLXI.

I.

WHEN Sappho tun'd the raptur'd Strain,
 The list'ning Wretch forgot his Pain;
 With Art divine the Lyre she strung,
 Like thee she play'd, like thee she sung.
Like thee she play'd, like thee she sung.

II.

For while she struck the quiv'ring Wire,
 The eager Breast was all on Fire;
 And when she joyn'd the vocal Lay,
 The captive Soul was charm'd away.

The captive, &c.

III.

III.

But had she added still to these
Thy softer chafter Pow'r to please;
Thy beauteous Air of sprightly Youth,
Thy native smiles of artless truth.

Thy native, &c.

IV.

She ne'er had pin'd beneath Disdain,
She ne'er had play'd and sung in vain,
Despair her Soul had ne'er possess'd,
To dash on Rocks the tender Breast,

To dash, &c.

S O N G CLXII.

The Rapture.

Et nudum in pressi corpus adusque meam. OVID.

I.

'T WAS Moonlight, and the twinkling Stars
did shine,
Shedding on Earth their Influence benign,
When Contemplation led me to the gloomy Plains,
To meditate on Love's bewitching Pains.

II.

There while my Fancy did each Joy enhance,
Sudden my lovely Sally did advance;
Silence awhile forbade her Tongue to speak,
And Cupid sat gay smiling on her Cheek.

III.

But, oh! at length, what ravishing Surprise,
What flutt'ring Transports seiz'd our Hearts and Eyes:
Both, both were struck with Extacy's Alarms,
And darted both into each others Arms,

IV.

What Pleasure follow'd shall I now reveal,
 Let it suffice, ye Powers, if I tell,
 That *Cupid* thro' our Hearts shot all his Fires,
 And *Venus* crown'd our ultimate Desires.

WILLIAM SINENSES.

SONG CLXIII.

O Wouldst thou know what sacred Charms,
 This destin'd Heart of mine alarms,
 This destin'd Heart of mine alarms;
 What Kind of Nymph the Heav'ns decree,
 The Maid that's made for Love and me,
 The Maid that's made for Love and me.

Who joys to hear the Sigh sincere,
 Who melts to see the tender Tear,
 Who melts, &c.

From each ungentle Passion free,
 O be the Maid that's made for me,
 O be the Maid, &c.

Whose Heart with gen'rous Friendship glows,
 Who feels the Blessing she bestows,
 Who feels, &c.

Gentle to all, but kind to me,
 Be such the Maid that's made for me,
 Be such, &c.

Whose simple Thoughts devoid of Art,
 Are all the Natives of her Heart,
 Are all, &c.

A gentle Train from Falshood flee,
Be such the Maid that's made for me,
Be such, &c.

Avaunt, ye light Coquets, retire,
Where flatt'ring Fops around admire,
Where flatt'ring Fops around admire,
More genuine Beauties are for me,
More genuine Beauties are for me.

S O N G CLXIV.

WOU'D you taste the Noon-tide Air,
To yon fragrant Bow'r repair;
Wher woven with the Poplar Bough,
The mantling Vine will shelter you,
The mantling Vine will shelter you,
Down each Side a Fountain flows,
Tinkling, murm'ring as it goes;
Lightly o'er the mossy Ground,
Lightly o'er the mossy Ground,
Sultry *Phæbus* scorching round,
Sultry *Phæbus* scorching round,

Round the languid Herds, and Sheep,
Stretch'd o'er sunny Hillocks sleep;
While on the Hyacinth and Rose,
The Fair does all alone repose,
The Fair does all alone repose:
All alone, yet in her Arms,
Your Breast shall beat to Love's Alarms;
'Till blest and blessing, you shall own,
The Joys of Love are Joys alone,
Tho Joys of Love are Joys alone.

SONG CLXV.

YOU say you love, and twenty more,
Have sigh'd, and said the same before;
And yet I swear (I can't tell how)
I ne'er believ'd a Man 'till now;
I swear I can't tell how,
I ne'er believ'd a Man 'till now.
'Tis odd that I should Credit give
To Words, who know that Words deceive;
And lay my better Judgment by
To trust my partial Ear or Eye,
To trust my partial Ear,
My partial Ear, or Eye.

'Tis ten to one I had deny'd
Your Suit, had you To-morrow try'd;
But Faith, unthinkingly, To-day,
My heedless Heart is gone astray;
Unthinkingly To-day,
My heedless Heart is gone astray.
To bring it back would give me Pain,
Perhaps the Struggle too was vain;
I'm indolent, and he that gains
My Heart, may keep it for his Pains;
And he that gains my Heart,
May keep it for his Pains.

SONG

S O N G CLXVI.

POLLY.

I.

SPRING renewing all Things gay;
Nature's Dictates all obey:
In each Creature we may see,
The Effect of Love's Decree:
Thus their State, such their Fate;
Do not, *Polly*, stay too late,
Do not, *Polly*, stay too late,

II.

Look around, and see them play;
All are wanton while they may;
Why should precious Time be lost!
After Summer comes a Frost:
All pursue Nature's Due,
Let us, *Polly*, do so too,
Let us, *Polly*, &c.

III.

Flowers all around us blowing,
Herds on ev'ry Meadow lowing:
Birds on ev'ry Branch are wooing,
Turtles all around us cooing;
Hark! they cooe: see, they wooc,
Let us, *Polly*, do so too,
Let us, *Polly*, &c.

IV.

Hark! how kind that Swain and Lass,
Yonder sitting on the Grass,
See, how earnestly he sues,
While she, blushing, can't refuse:
See yon two, how they wooc,
Let us, *Polly*, do so too,
Let us, *Polly*, &c.

F f

V.

V.

Mark that Cloud above the Plain,
 See, it seems to threaten Rain;
 Herds and Flocks do run together,
 Seeking Shelter from the Weather.
 Fear not you, I'll be true,
 Let us, therefore, do so too,
 Let us, therefore, do so too,

SONG CLXVII.

The LOVER'S Petition.

I.

ASSIST me, *Cupid*, give me Wings,
 To fly to *Celia's* Arms:
 Her Voice, as when a Syren sings,
 My frozen Blood alarms.

I

II.

Come, *Celia*, haste, and ease the Smart,
 Which those bright Eyes have made;
 Oh! do not tantalize my Heart,
 But haste and give me Aid.

III.

Let's haste, my Love, and while we may,
 The silent Hours employ;
 Nor mind what other Mortals say,
 To fright us from our Joy.

IV.

Such who in *Hymen's* Courts ne'er rove,
 Delights they Vices call;
 And stupid to the Sports of Love,
 In Life scarce live at all.

V.

On this soft, panting, snowy Breast,
 Let me my Care beguile;
 While you consent to make me blest,
 And answer with a Smile.

S O N G CLXVIII.

The ADDRESS.

TWIXT pleasing Hope and painful Fear,
 True Love divided lies;
 With artless Look and Soul sincere,
 Above all mean Disguise;
 For *Celia* thus my Heart is mov'd;
 Accept it, lovely Fair:
 I've lik'd before but never lov'd,
 Then let me not despair,

My Fate before your Feet I lay;
 Sentence your willing Slave:
 Remember tho' that Tyrants slay,
 And heav'nly Powers save:
 To bless is Heav'n's peculiar Grace;
 Let me a Blessing find;
 And, since you wear an Angel's Face,
 O! show an Angel's Mind.

S O N G CLXIX.

RECITATIVE.

WHILE *Strephon* on fair *Chloe* hung,
 And gently woo'd, and sweetly sung;
 The Nymph, in a disdainful Air,
 Thus smiling, mock'd the Shepherd's Care.

F f 2

AIR.

A I R.

Swain, I know that you discover
 In my Form a thousand Charms;
 Can you point me out a Lover,
 Worthy my encircling Arms?
 Boy no more approach my Beauty,
 'Till you equal Merit boast:
 To adore me is a Duty,
 Thousands witness to their Cost.

RECITATIVE.

Stung to the Heart, the red'ning Swain
 On the vain Maid retorts again.

A I R.

Foolish Creature, did each Feature
 Bloom beyond the Bride of Nature;
 Artful, feigning,
 Coy, disdainning,
 Vain Coquet, destroy them all;
 Go, o'erbearing, proud, insnaring,
 Lay a thousand Fops desparing;
 Then complying,
 Sighing, dying,
 To some Fool a Victim fall:
 Nymphs, like you, while they're deceiving,
 Angels all in Front appear;
 But the Sot their Arts believing,
But the Sot their Arts believing,
 Finds the Devil in the Rear.

SONG CLXX.

WHY heaves my fond Bosom, ah! what can it mean?

Why flutters my Heart that was once so serene?
 Why this sighing and trembling when *Daphne* is near?
 Or why, when she's absent, this Sorrow and Fear?
 Or why, when she's absent, this Sorrow and Fear?

Methinks I for ever with Wonder could trace
 The thousand soft Charms that embellish thy Face;
 Each Moment I view thee, more Beauty I find,
 With thy Face I am charm'd, but enslav'd by thy
 Mind,

With thy Face, &c.

Untainted with Folly, unfully'd by Pride,
 'There native good Humour and Virtue reside;
 Pray Heavens that Virtue thy Soul may supply
 With Compassion for him who without thee must die,
 With Compassion for him who without thee must die.

SONG CLXXI.

GODDESS of Ease, leave *Lethe's* Brink,

Obsequious to the Muse and me;
 For once endure the Pain to think,

O sweet Insensibility:

Sister of Peace and Indolence,

Bring Muse, bring Numbers soft and slow,

Elaborately void of Sense,

And sweetly, thoughtless let them flow,

Sweetly, thoughtless let them flow.

Near to some Cowslip's painted Mead,
 There let me dose away dull Hours;
 And under me let *Flora* spread
 A *Sopha* of her finest Flowers;
 Where, *Philomel*, your Notes you breathe,
 Forth from behind the neighb'ring Pine:
 While Murmurs of the Stream beneath
 Still flow in Unison with thine,
 Flow in Unison with thine.

For thee, O Idleness! the Woes
 Of Life we patiently endure;
 Thou art the Source whence Labour flows,
 We shun thee but to make thee sure:
 For who would bear War's Toil and Waste,
 Or who the Thund'ring of the Sea,
 But to be idle at the last,
 And find a pleasing End in thee,
 And find a pleasing End in thee?

SONG CLXXII.

Address'd to Miss SALLY C—Y.

FORBEAR, fond Creature, to complain,
 Nor *Delia* lost repine;
 Since here the Fair has ceas'd to reign,
 Thy Charms unrivall'd shine.

Thus *Pollux*, when he left the Skies,
 And sunk from mortal Sight;
 Bid *Castor*'s equal Radiance rise,
 And bless the World with Light.

Cupid

Cupid not long our Hearts shall scorch,
Nor with thy Beauties dally,
E'er *Hymen* holding high the Torch,
Find a *St. Ives* for *Sally*.

Then let not anxious Passions join,
Thy Angel peace to move ;
Content, that sacred Swains are thine,
Whom Fate forbids to love.

And sure you've eminently shone,
(Yes, ev'ry Belle shall know it)
Whose matchless Charms have ardent won,
And may they wear, a Poet.

SONG CLXXIII.

My Grandmother's Cot.

I.

WHEN I liv'd in my Grandmother's Cot,
What a happy young Damsel was I,
Each Day we'd the Spit or the Pot ;
With Plenty of Pudding and Pye.
I'd a Horse that could amble and trot,
And good Neighbours to visit hard by ;
Yet I wanted, I could not tell what,
And I sigh'd but I could not tell why,
I sigh'd, I sigh'd, I sigh'd, but I could not tell why.

II.

My Daddy, he bought me a Knot,
With a Fan, and a new fashion'd Fly,
A Pair of Silk Shoes too I got,
To wear when the Weather was dry ;

Yet to pine all the Day was my Lot,
 And in Bed ever restless to lye ;
 For I wanted — I cou'd not tell what,
 And I sigh'd—but I cou'd not tell why.

III.

For Council I car'd not a Jot,
 Resolv'd some new Project to try,
 And I thought I shou'd die on the Spot,
 If a pretty young Fellow pass'd by ;
 At last a brisk Husband I got,
 'Twas the Man I had long in my Eye ;
 He gave me — I must not tell what,
 And I lov'd him — but need not tell why.

S O N G C L X X I V .

WHEN yonder cooing Doves retire,
 And seem in am'rous Shackles bound :
 See, *Delia*, how the Flow'rs aspire,
 And shed delicious Fragrance round :
 Rais'd by the Spring, and nurs'd by Shade,
 They flourish sweetly to the Eye ;
 But Autumn's hasting Chills invade,
 And their gay Beauties fade and dye.

As Flowers, *Delia*, are thy Charms,
 Which in Youth's joyous Season blows :
 Like thy bright Eyes, thy Iv'ry Arms,
 And Cheeks where shine the *Eden* Rose :
 But envious Time, with creeping Pace,
 Will on thy Frame seraphic play,
 Despoil thee of each matchless Grace,
 And steal thee from thyself away.

Wifely admonish'd by the Thought,
 Swift let us stop the whirling Hour ;
 Pleasures as flying should be caught,
 E'er Age deprives us of the Power ;
 Thee Nature hath with Beauty blest'd,
 And bids thee multiply its Ray ;
 With too much Sense thou art possess'd,
 Her blissful Call to disobey.

S O N G CLXXV.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

A favourite Scots Song. Sung by the Choice Spirits.

I.

JOHN ANDERSON my Jo. John
 I wonder what you mean,
 To rise so soon in the Morning,
 And set up so late at E'en ;
 You'll blear out a your E'en John,
 And why will you do so
 Come sooner to your Bed, at E'en John,
 John Anderson my Jo.

II.

John Anderson, my Jo, John
 When first you did begin,
 You had as good a Tail Tree,
 As ony ither Man,
 But now it's waxen auld John,
 And it wriggles to and fro,
 I gie twa geas up for anes gea down,
 John Anderson my Jo.

III.

John Anderson my Jo, John.

You may play when e're ye please,
Either in the warm Bed,

Or else a boon the Cleafe,
Or you shall have the Horns *John,*

Upon your Head to grow,
That is a Cuckold's malison,

John Anderson my Jo.

IV.

When you come on before, *John,*

See that you do your best,

When you begin to hadd me,

See that ye grip me fast,

See that ye grip me fast *John,*

Until that I cry — ho —

Your Back shall crack e're I cry slack,

John Anderson my Jo.

V.

O it is a fine thing,

To keek out o'er the Dyke,

But its a muckle finer thing,

To see your Hurdies fyke,

To see your Hurdies fyke *John,*

And wriggles to and fro,

'Tis then I like your Chaunter Pipe,

John Anderson my Jo.

VI.

I'm backit like a Salmon,

I'm breasted like a Swan,

My Wyme it is a down Cod,

My midle you may span,

From my Tap unto my Toe, *John,*

I'm like the new faw'n Snow,

And 'tis a for your Conveniency,

John Anderson my Jo.

SONG CLXXVI.

I.

I sing not of *Venus*, nor *Helen*, nor such
 As of old have been praised ; no, my Song
 Is of one that surpasses them all very much,
 The beautiful, sweet *Betsy Long*.
 Oh! could I her Beauties in Numbers rehearse,
 Whose Sense like my Passion was Strong ;
 But, alas! my poor, humble, inelegant Verse
 Is unworthy the fair *Betsy Long*.

II.

But tho' I'm not favour'd by any one Muse,
 My Passion me hurries along
 Her praises to write, nor can I refuse,
 To celebrate dear *Betsy Long* :
 To compare her with Roses, and Lillies, and Gems,
 Were to do her a very great Wrong,
 There's nothing can equal the exquisite Charms
 Of the bright and the sweet *Betsy Long*.

III.

Allur'd by her Form, and made Slaves by her Eyes,
 Around her young Lovers do throng ;
 But no one is worthy on this Side the Skies
 To match the sweet *Betsy Long* :
 If *Jove* ben't grown old since *Amphitryon's* Days,
 He the Night to a Week would prolong,
 If instead of *Cleomena's* he could by Deceit,
 Fill the Arms of the sweet *Betsy Long*.

IV.

IV.

Mars his *Venus* would quit, and *Neptune* (that moves
 And composes the Waves with his Prong)
Amphitrite forsake, could they win to their Loves
 The brighter and sweet *Betsy Long* :
 Each Mortal on Earth I'd surpass in Delight
 Did that Bliss to me but belong ;
 Nor would I in Change take the World if I might
 For the pretty, the dear *Betsy Long*.

S O N G CLXXVII.

An Address to CHLORIS.

COME *Chloris* leave thy wandering Sheep,
 Thou shalt more amorous Creatures keep,
 And be the only envied Dame,
 That moves upon this grassy Frame :
 And be the only envied Dame,
 That moves upon this grassy Frame :
 For thou shalt Herds of *Cupid's* have,
 And Love and I will be thy Slave.
 For thou shalt Herds of *Cupids* have,
 And Love and I will be thy Slave.

In yonder Myrtle Grove we'll dwell,
 With more Content than Tongue can tell ;
 Where hungry Moles shall not affright
 Thy tender Lambs, or thee by Night
 There we the wanton Thieves will play,
 And steal each others Hearts away.

S O N G

SONG CLXXVIII.

SPRING.

THOU calm-ray'd Spring whose Blooming Face;
 Leads on the Year renew'd,
 Thou Ornament, thou Brightest Grace
 Of Times Extent review'd:
 Thy Verdure doth each Meadow deck,
 By thee each spangled Bed,
 Of Violets and Daisies flush,
 By constant Care are fed.
 By constant Care are fed.

To thee their snowy Blossoms owe,
 Each future fruitful Tree ;
 The Birds that Charm, their Notes do show,
 Tuneful in Joy for thee.

Thus every Nymph, and faithful Swain,
 With earnest Wish desire ;
 Th'Inhabitant of Mount and Plain,
 And Vale all thee admire.

SONG CLXXIX.

Mutual Love.

I.

HOW few amongst the thousand Pairs,
 By Wedlock doom'd to constant Cares,
 Are fit the Yoke to bear ?
 Are fit the Yoke to bear ?
 The Husband claims his sovereign Right,
 The Wife runs counter out of Spight,
 And does her Vows forswear.
 And does her Vows forswear.

H h

II.

But some there are, whom mutual Love
Does prompt with free Consent to move
 Submissive to their Fate,
 Submissive, &c.

Thrice happy is that prudent he,
Thrice happy is that prudent she,
 Blest with so kind a Mate.
 Blest, &c.

III.

Shou'd I and *Celia* ever join,
I would be hers, and she'd be mine,
 For we two would be one.
 For, &c.

Complying with each others Will,
Of generous Love would take our Fill,
 Our Joys shou'd ne'er be done.
 Our, &c.

S O N G CLXXX.

DE A R *Cloe* don't dispise
A Youth who is sincere,
I swear by your bright Eyes,
 I love no other Fair;
What tho' my Heart did range
 And taste of ev'ry she,
It never more can change,
 Or yet it inconstant be,
 Or yet inconstant be.

The Sun shall backward steer,
 The Tide forget to flow,
 E'er I will leave my Dear,
 Or break one plighted Vow :
 Then cease to give me Pain,
 Surrender up your Charms,
 No Heaven can please your Swain,
 Like dying in your Arms.

S O N G CLXXXI.

The Unnatural Parent : Or, The Virgin's last Resolve.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, at Ranelagh.

I.

YE Virgins who do listen to,
 Whate'er your Mothers say,
 Be rul'd by me, and let's agree,
 No longer to o-bey :
 For I've been snubb'd, and I've been drubb'd,
 'Till I've been black and blue,
 But I'll behave no more like a Slave,
 But I'll behave no more like a Slave,
 I wish I may dye if I do, if I do,
 I wish I may dye if I do.

II.

Both Night and Day, she prates away,
 About my being nice ;
 But I declare, 'twould make you stare,
 To hear her dull Advice ;
 She says that I, from Men must fly,
 Or Mischief will ensue ;
 But in all the Kind, no Harm I find,
 I wish I may dye if I do.

H h 2

III.

III.

She says that Youth, still blind to Truth,
The Danger ne'er can tell;
And 'tis from Sense and Experience,
That she can talk so well:
But if she got Sense from Experience,
Then she may depend upon't
I'll strive to be as wise as she,
I wish I may dye if I don't.

IV.

Young Damon gay, the other Day,
Would struggle for a Kiss;
I pish and cry'd, and him did chide,
With — 'what do you mean by this?
'Tis wond'rous rude, that you'll intrude,
When I have so oft forbid;
I wish I may dye, if you don't make me cry,
But I wish I may dye if he did.

V.

Then I'll be free whilst young I be,
And let my Mother scold;
And I'll despise being quite as wise,
Until I am quite as old.
At Forty Three a Prude I'll be,
And lay my Follies by;
But never 'till then, will I shun the Men,
If I do — I wish I may dye.

S O N G CLXXXII.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

MARCUS the young, the noble, and the brave,
 To Camps inur'd, and Deeds of Arms,
 Struck with the Force of Beauty's Charms,
 Now falls the fair *Lucinda's* Slave;
 No more he seeks the hostile Plain,
 But to the solitary Grove,
 (The soft Retreat of Peace and Love,)
 In gentle Murmurs breaths his Pain,
 And thus with suppliant Voice and broken Sights,
 The Hero su'd the Beauty of the Skies.

AIR:

Teach a young unskillful Lover,
 Those soft Arts that charms the Fair;
 Teach me, *Venus*, how to move her,
 How my raging Pain declare:
 Grant my Word, my Looks may raise,
 Love and Pity in her Heart:
 Smooth my rough, uncourtly Phrase;
 Ev'ry Charm and ev'ry Grace,
 Beauteous Goddess, now impart.

RECITATIVE:

The Goddess listen'd to his Pray'r.
 She saw him languish and despair;
 Then downward thro' the lucid Skies,
 She bad her iv'ry Chariot roll;
 And whilst soft Pity fill'd her Eyes,
 Thus sooth'd the Anguish of his Soul.

AIR

AIR.

Be pleasant, be airy, and constantly praise,
 The Force of her Wit, and the Charms of her Face,
 Commend ev'ry Feature, each Beauty display;
 With Pleasure she'll listen to all you can say;
 Let her Humour and Taste, be the Road you pursue,
 And the Love of herself will insure her to you.

SONG CLXXXIII.

A Two-Part Song, in BRITANNIA.

I.

HE comes, he comes, the Hero comes,
 Sound, found your Trumpets,
 Beat, beat your Drums;
 From Port to Port, let Cannons roar,
 Beat, beat your Drums,
 From Port to Port let Cannons roar,
 His Welcome to the *British* Shoar,
 Welcome, welcome, welcome
 Welcome to the *British* Shore,
 Welcome, welcome, welcome,
 To the *British* Shoar,
 Welcome, welcome to the *British* Shoar.

II.

Prepare, prepare, your Songs prepare,
 Loud, loudly rend the ecchoing Air,
 From Pole to Pole your Joys resound,
 For Virtue is with Glory crown'd,
 Virtue, Virtue, Virtue, Virtue,
 Virtue is with Glory crown'd.

SONG

SONG CLXXXIV.

I.

WHY has not Love Reflection's Eyes?
Why but from Sorrow must we know?
That Folly is the Seed of Vice,
And Vice the Nursery of Woe.
Ah! *Chloe*, when thy Charms invite,
A Folly in Enjoyment lies;
And Wisdom bids us shun Delight,
Wisdom is weak, and Folly wise.

II.

Fair Virtue loses all her Charms,
If from thy Bosom she deters,
And Vice inviting to thy Arms,
In Virtue's heavenly Form appears;
Destruction tempting in thy Eyes,
So lovely a Disguise puts on;
We see where our undoing lies,
Yet cry, 'Tis Heaven to be undone.

SONG CLXXXV.

I.

THE brightest Bloom the Rose displays,
When gilded by *Aurora's* Rays;
The fairest Lilly that the Fields,
Or cultivated Garden yields,
Are like the Sun by Clouds enlos'd,
When to *Clarinda's* Charms oppos'd.

II.

II.

The *Cyprian* Goddess, far less fair,
 Did rising from the Waves, appear;
 When every gazing Eye admir'd,
 And every throbbing Heart desir'd;
 Was but a Foil, nor can compare,
 For comely Presence to the Fair.

III.

The rural Nymph that rules the Shade,
 In Robes of Chastity array'd,
 Is, for a Type of her bright Mind,
 The nearest Emblem I can find:
 (As fair a Form, as fair a Fame)
 What was *Diana*, is the Dame.

IV.

As *Venus* fair, *Lucretia's* Truth,
Minerva's Wit, Love's blooming Youth,
 Great *Juno's* Majesty divine,
 In her (unparallel'd) combine,
 The Flowers by gentle Zephyrs prest,
 Are Emblems of her fragrant Breast.

V.

If such an one can bless Mankind,
 In Woman if content we find,
 Judge, Lovers, judge, what I enjoy,
 How great the Bliss which ne'er can cloy;
 Since, with a Smile, the Nymph will own,
 Her Heart's Affections are my own.

SONG CLXXXVI.

An ODE on HOPE.

'TIS dull to live without Design
Or Hopes of coming Joy;
Tho' we are sure we must resign,
The dear delusive Toy.

Let me be still with Wishes blest,
It wakes our vital Fire;
Delia altho' thou'rt ne'er possesst,
There's Pleasure in Desire.

The Nature of Delights is such,
We're either cloy'd or cross'd,
We've still too little, or too much,
And either way 'tis lost.

SONG CLXXXVII.

SWEET *Rosalind*! forbear to chide,
Alas! I can no longer hide;
What long my Heart would have disclos'd
Had modest Fear not interpos'd.

Whene'er I view thy heavenly Face,
My wond'ring Eyes new Beauty trace;
My glad'ning Soul with Rapture burns,
And Love to Adoration turns.

Thy ever-blooming Cheeks disclose,
The Lilly blended with the Rose,
And *Cupid* wantons, while he sips,
The flowing Fragrance on thy Lips.

Those Ringlets that so neatly deck,
 Thy comely Face and graceful Neck,
 With those proportion'd Limbs combine,
 To form thee, fair one! all divine.

Who can resist thy matchless Charms!
 Oh! take me, clasp me in those Arms!
 Regale me on thy spicy Breast,
 And lull my ravish'd Soul to rest.

S O N G CLXXXVIII.

THE Morning fresh, the Sun in East,
 New gilds the smiling Day;
 The Morning fresh, the Sun in East,
 New gilds the smiling Day;
 The Lark forsakes his dewy Nest,
 The Fields all round are gayly dress'd,
 Arise my Love, and play, and play;
 Arise my Love, and p'ay.

Come forth my Fair, come forth bright Maid,
 And bless thy Shepherd's Sight;
 Come forth, &c.

Lend ev'ry folded Flow'r thy Aid,
 Unveil the Rose's blushing Shade,
 And give them sweet Delight,
 And give them sweet Delight.

Thy Presence makes all Nature smile,
 Those Smiles your Charms improve;
 Thy Presence, &c.

Thy Strains the list'ning Birds beguile,
 And, as invite, reward their Toil,
 And tune their Notes to Love,
 And tune their Notes to Love.

S O N G

Beneath the fragrant Hawthorn Tree,
 The Flow'rs in Wreaths I'll twine,
 Beneath the fragrant Hawthorn Tree,
 The Flow'rs in Wreaths I'll twine;
 'Ere other Eyes your Beauties see,
 They on your Brow adorn'd shall be:
 The happy Task be mine, be mine.
 The happy Task be mine.

S O N G CLXXXIX.

The IMPATIENT LOVER.

HA S T E! ye dull Hours. to bring the promis'd
 Day,
 When *Jove* shall envy *Damon Celia's* Charms,
 And sighing deem the Treasure thrown away,
 That brib'd inferior *Danae* to his Arms.
 Drive faster, *Phœbus*! urge the fiery Steed,
 Or leave once more to *Phaeton* the Rein;
 Let the bold Stripling risque the World for Speed,
 Small is the Hazard to the Prize I gain.

S O N G XC.

The POWER of BEAUTY:

*The Second Ode of Anacreon translated into English
 literally.*

NA T U R E gives all Creatures Arms,
 Faithful Guards from hostile Harms;
 Jaws the Lion brood defend,
 Horrid Jaws that wide distend!

Horns

Horns the Bull, resistless force !
 Solid Hoofs, the vig'rous Horse ;
 Nimble Feet, the fearful Hare ;
 Wings to fly, the Birds of Air ;
 Fins to swim, the watry Kind ;
 Man, the Virtues of the Mind.
 Nature, lavishing her Store,
 What for Woman had she more ?
 Helpless Woman ! *To be fair ;*
 Beauty fell to Woman's share ;
 Beauty, that nor wants, nor fears
 Swords, or Flames, or Shields, or Spears.
 Beauty stronger Aid affords,
 Stronger far than Flames or Swords ;
 Stronger far than Swords or Shields,
Man himself to Beauty yields.

S O N G XCI.

*The CHOICE.**Address'd to a BOTTLE.*

COULD'ST thou give me a Pleasure,
 Like the Murefs of my Heart,
 I'd drink beyond all Measure,
 And from thee never start :
 A Pleasure so alluring,
 I never cou'd refrain,
 Till Life not worth enduring,
 In a Fun I'd drown my Pain.

But since there's no comparing
 With Raptures she can give ;
 Whose Extasy (past bearing !)
 I scarce can taste and live :

To brighter Joys resigning,
 I'll quit thy sparkling Charms:
 And die without repining,
 To be buried in her Arms.

S O N G CXCII.

CHLOE'S POWER.

Sung at the Publick Gardens.

I.

FOR BEAR, fond God, forbear your Dart,
 Seek not to wound a dying Heart;
 At *Chloe's* Feet it gaping lies,
 A bleeding Victim to her conquering Eyes.

II.

From her Death's such a pleasing Pain,
 I wish to live, to die again:
 With Joy to him the Blow is given,
 That has so near a Prospect of his Heaven.

III.

You and the little Loves all fly,
 To light the Torches at her Eye:
 By her alone Loves Empire thrive,
 This Vestal keeps Love's sacred Fire alive.

IV.

Then, *Chloe*, 'tis not strange that you,
 Weak Mortals yielding Hearts subdue,
 Since you another *Venus* prove,
 And give new Being to the God of Love.

SONG CXCIH.

On a LADY stung by a BEE.

AS *Cælia* in her Garden stray'd,
Secure, nor dreamt of Harm,
A Bee approach'd the lovely Maid,
And rested on her Arm.

The curious Insect thither flew,
To taste the tempting Bloom ;
But, with a thousand sweets in View,
It found a sudden Doom.

Her nimble Hand of Life bereav'd,
The daring little Thing ;
But first the snowy Arm receiv'd,
And felt the painful Sting.

Once only cou'd that Sting surprize,
Once be injurious found ;
Not so the Darts of *Cælia's* Eyes,
They never cease to wound.

Oh ! would the short liv'd burning Smart
The Nymph to pity move,
And teach her to regard the Heart,
She Fires with endless Love.

SONG

S O N G CXCIV.

Sung by Miss FAULKNER at Marybone Gardens,

I.

WE'RT thou yet fairer than thou art,
Which lies not in the Pow'r of Art,
Or had'st thou in thine Eyes more Darts,
Than *Cupid* ever shot at Hearts :
Yet if they were not thrown at me,
I would not cast a Thought on thee,
I would not cast a Thought on thee,
Yet if they were not thrown at me,
I would not cast a Thought on thee.

II.

I'd rather marry a Disease,
Than court the Thing I cannot please ;
She that would cherish my Desires,
Must court my Flame with equal Fires ;
What Pleasure is there in a Kiss,
To him that doubts the Hearts not his.
To him, &c.

What Pleasure is there in a Kiss,
To him that doubts the Hearts not his.

III.

I love thee not cause thou art Fair,
Softer than Down, smother. than Air,
Nor for the *Cupid's* that do lye,
In either Corner of thine Eye :
Would you then know what it may be,
'Tis I love you, cause you love me,
'Tis I, &c.

Would you then know what it may be,
'Tis I love you, cause you love me.

SONG CXCV.

In the Sacrifice of IPHIGINIA.

HOW sweet are the Flowers, how lov'ly the Spring,

How gaudy the Pride of the Grove,
How wanton the Air is, the Birds how they sing,
And chirrup, and chirrup, soft measures of Love,
And chirrup, and chirrup, soft Measures of Love.

Yet not of themselves the gay Beauties can please,
We only can taste when the Heart is at Ease,
We only can taste when the Heart is at Ease.

The Flowers wou'd wither, the Spring have an End,
~~The Pride of the Grove~~ wou'd decay,

The Air would be noxious, the Birds but offend,
If my Parent, my King were away,
as my a daisy, my

For not of themselves the vain ^{Servants can please} Fagots can please,
We only can Taste when the Heart is at Ease.

SONG CXCVI.

The SOGER LADDIE.

I.

MY *Soger Laddie* is over the Seas,
And he will bring Gold and Money to me,
And he will bring Gold and Money to me;
And when he comes Home he'll make me a Lady,
My Blessing gang with my *Soger Laddie*,
My Blessing gang with my Soger Laddie.

II.

II.

My lovely Laddie is handsome and brave,
And can as a Soger and Lover behave :
He's true to his Country to Love he is steady,
There's few to compare to my *Soger Laddie*.

III.

Shield him ye Angels from Death in Alarms,
Return him with Laurels to my longing Arms :
Since from all my Care ye'll pleasantly free me,
When back to my Wishes my *Soger* ye gi'e me.

IV.

Oh ! soon may his Honours bloom fair on his Brow,
As quickly they must if he gets but his Due :
For in Noble Actions his Courage is ready,
Which makes me delight in my *Soger Laddie*.

S O N G C X C V I I .

Sung by Mr. LOWE at Marybon Gardens.

I.

CÆLIA thus fond Damon said,
See here a Mossy Carpet laid :
And then her Hand he press'd,
And then her Hand he press'd.
Free from the World's intruding Eye,
Here lurks my Dear no busy Spye,
He look'd, he look'd, he look'd, and sigh'd the rest.

II.

She started with a feign'd Surprize,
While Pleasure sparkled in her Eyes ;
Sure *Damon* does not mean :
Sure Damon, &c.
The Shepherd stop'd her with a Kiss,
And clasp'd her panting Breast to his,
My Dear we are not seen.

III.

III.

Then by a thousand Kisses more,
A thousand tender Oaths he swore,
His Love should never End :

His Love, &c.

She call'd on all the Pow'rs above.
None heard her but the God of Love,
And he was *Damon's* Friend.

IV.

And is there then no help she said,
By *Damon* to be thus betray'd,
Then hung her Head and blush'd,

Then hung, &c.

O *Damon* will you yet be good,
The Shepherd smil'd and said he wou'd,
She sigh'd and all was hush'd.

S O N G CXCVIII.

Sung by Miss FAULKNER, at Marybon Gardens.

I.

OH! Pity *Colin* ! cruel Fair,
Think on his Sighs and Tears ;
His Sighs regardless as the Air,
And without Hope his Fears.
Oh! *Colin* was once the happy Swain,
That e'er in *Albion* dwelt ;
He laught at Love, and mock'd at Pain,
Love's Pangs he ne'er had felt.

II.

The Neighbouring Nymphs had often try'd,
With Love to lure the Swain,
But he as oft their Suit deny'd,
For Love return'd Disdain.

But

But ah! how chang'd his former State,
With folded Arms he walks,
Upbraids the Gods, and curses Fate,
And like a Madman talks.

III.

Nor can soft Musick's flatt'ring Charm,
Give now the least Delight,
No more the Bowl his Bosom warms,
Or Rural Sports invite.
Relent fair Maid, e'er *Colin* dies,
Let him not mourn in vain,
His hopeless Love, regardless Pangs,
And unrewarded pain.

Oh! think *Myrtillo*, on his Grief,
And on your cruel Hate,
Reward his Love, and bring Relief,
Before it is too late.

S O N G CXCIX.

*The HAPPY COUPLE, Sung by Miss FAULKNER,
at Marybon Gardens.*

I.

WHEN Morn her Sweets shall first unfold,
And paint the fleecy Clouds with Gold
On tufted Green, O! let me play,
And welcome up the jocund Day;
Wak'd by the gentle Voice of Love,
Arise my Fair, arise and prove;
The dear Delights fond Lovers know,
The best of Blessings here below,
The best of Blessings her below.

II.

II.

To some clear River's verdant Side,
 Do thou my happy Footsteps guide;
 In Concert with the purling Stream,
 We'll sing, and Love shall be the Theme:
 E'er Night assumes her gloomy Reign,
 When Shadows lengthen o'er the Plain,
 We'll to yon Myrtle Grove repair,
 For Peace and Pleasure wait us there.

III.

The laughing God, there keeps his Court,
 And little Loves incessant Sport,
 Around the winning Graces wait,
 And calm Contentment guards the Seat:
 There lost in Extacies of Joy,
 While tenderest Scenes our Thoughts employ,
 We'll bless the Hour our Loves begun,
 The happy Moment made us One.

S O N G C C.

OF Freedom too fond, or too wanton with Pride,
 The Threats of young *Cupid* bright *Chloe* defy'd:
 And while Swains were sighing, or tun'd the soft Lay,
 Seem' cold as *December*, tho' blooming as *May*.
 Despairing his Suit, gentle *Willy* forsook,
 And silent return'd to his Flock and his Crook:
 And *Damon* her Beauty once fond to rehearse,
 No longer to *Chloe* address'd the soft Verse.

Awak'd from her Dream, the disconsolate Maid,
 Saw her Lillies were fading, her Roses decay'd;
 And only beheld of the languishing Train,
 The least in her Wishes young *Colin* remain.
 The Maid as less fair more compassionate grew,
 Nor fled when she saw the young Shepherd pursue;

And

And resolv'd, when he talk'd of his Torture and Griefs
In pure Love to herself, to afford him Relief.

Now proud of his Conquest, Oh! come to my Arms,
Transported he cry'd, with that Treasure of Charms.
So long by my Fair One reserv'd for her Swain,
While others unheeded request'd in vain,
Ah! think not my Shepherd the Fair One reply'd,
I slighted their Love while their Suit I deny'd;
To their easy Faith all your Blessings you owe,
Who believ'd me too soon when I answer'd them *no*.

S O N G C C I.

In SOLOMON.

ON his Face the Vernal Rose,
Blended with the Lilly glows:
His Locks are as the Raven black,
In Ringlets waving down his Back.
His Eyes with milder Beauties beam,
Than billing Doves beside the Stream.
His youthful Cheeks are Beds of Flowers,
Enripen'd by refreshing Showers.
His Lips are of the Rose's Hue,
Dropping with a fragrant Dew.
Tall as the Cedar he appears,
And as erect his Form he bears,
Tall as the Cedar, &c.

S O N G CCII.

Sung by Miss STEVENSON, at Vaux Hall.

I.

BY a pratt'ling Stream, on a Midsummer's Eve,
Where Woodbines and Jess'mine their Boughs
interweave,
Fair *Flora* I cry'd to my Arbour repair,
For I must have a Chaplet for sweet *William's* Hair,
For I must have a Chaplet for sweet William's Hair.

II.

She brought me the Vi'let that grows on the Hill,
The Vale dwelling Lilly, and gilded Jonquil,
But such languid Odours how could I approve ;
Just warm from the Lips of the Lad that I love.

III.

She brought me his Faith and his Truth to display,
The undying Myrtle, and ever-green Bay ;
But why these to me, who've his Constancy known,
And *Billy* has Lawrels enough of his own.

IV.

The next was a Gift that I could not contemn,
For she brought me two Roses that grew on a Stem ;
Of the dear nuptial Tye they stood Emblems confest,
So I kiss'd them and press'd them quite close to my
Breast.

V.

She brought me a Sun-Flow'r — This, fair one's
your due,
For it once was a Maiden, and Love-sick, like you,
O give it me quick, to my Shepherd I'll run,
As true to his Flame, as this Flow'r to her Sun.

S O N G C C I I I.

Sweet NAN of the VALE.

I.

IN a small pleasant Village, by Nature compleat,
Of a few honest Shepherds, the quiet Retreat,
There liv'd a young Lase, of so lovely a Mein,
That seldom at Balls, or at Courts can be seen.
The sweet Damask Rose was full blown on her Cheek,
The Lilly display'd all it's whites on her Neck,
The Lads of the Village, all strove to prevail,
And call'd her in Raptures sweet *Nan* of the Vale.

II.

First young *Hodge* spoke his Passion, 'till quite out of
Breath,
Crying wounds, he cou'd hug her, and kiss her to
Death;
And *Dick* with her Beauty, was so much possess'd,
That he loathed his Food, and abandon'd his Rest;
But she cou'd find nothing in them to endear,
So sent them away with a Flea in their Ear;
And said no such Boobys cou'd tell a love Tale,
Or bring to Compliance sweet *Nan* of the Vale.

III.

'Till young *Roger* the smartest, of all the gay Green,
Who lately to *London* on a Frolick had been;
Came Home much improv'd, in his Air and Address,
And boldly attack'd her, not fearing Success;
He said Heav'n form'd such ripe Lips to be kiss'd,
And press'd her so closely, she cou'd not resist;
And shew'd the dull Clowns, the right Way to assail,
And brought to his Wishes, sweet *Nan* of the Vale.

S O N G CCIV.

*JENNY of the GREEN.**Sung by Mr. LOWE, at Vaux Hall.*

W H I L E others strip the new fall'n Snow,
 And steal it's Fragrance from the Rose,
 To dress their Fancy's Queen :
 Fain would I sing, but Words are faint,
 All Musick's Pow'rs too weak to paint,
 My *Jenny* of the Green.
 My *Jenny* of the Green.

II.

Beneath this Elm, beside this Stream,
 How oft I've tun'd the fav'rite Theme,
 And told my Tale unseen ;
 While faithful in the Lover's Cause,
 The Winds would murmur soft Applause,
 To *Jenny* of the Green.

III.

With Joy, my Soul reviews the Day,
 When deck'd in all the Pride of *May*,
 She hail'd the *Sylvan* Scene ;
 Then ev'ry Nymph that hop'd to please,
 First strove to catch the Grace and Ease,
 Of *Jenny* of the Green.

IV.

Then deaf to ev'ry Rival's Sigh,
 On me she cast her partial Eye,
 Nor scorn'd my humble Mien :
 The fragrant Myrtle Wreath I wear,
 That Day adorn'd the lovely Hair,
 Of *Jenny* of the Green.

V.

Through all the Fairy Land of Love,
I'll seek my pretty wand'ring Dove,
The Pride of gay Fifteen,
Though now she treads some distant Plain,
Though far apart, I'll meet again,
My *Jenny* of the Green.

VI.

But thou old Time 'till that bless'd Night,
That brings her back with speedy Flight,
Melt down the Hours between;
And when we meet the Loss repay,
On loit'ring Wing prolong my stay,
With *Jenny* of the Green.

S O N G CCV.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, at the Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden.

THE Chace is o'er, and on the Plain,
The Hounds the lusty Stag has slain:
Let the Horns with sprightly Tone,
All our sportive Pleasures Crown.
Of *Britons* thus the ancient Race,
With nervous Toil pursued the Chace;
By no ungen'rous Thought contrould,
Their Hearts were Honest, Free, and Bold,
Their Hearts were Honest, Free, and Bold,
Free, and Bold, Free, and Bold.

Of *Britons*, thus the Ancient Race,
With nervous Toil pursued the Chace,
Of *Britons*, thus the Ancient Race;
With nervous Toil pursued the Chace,

With nervous Toil pursued the Chace,
 Pursued the Chace,
 By no ungen'rous Thought controul'd,
 Their Hearts were Honest, Free and Bold,
 Their Hearts were Honest, Free and Bold,
 Their Hearts were Honest, Free and Bold,
 Their Hearts were Honest, Free, and Bold,
 Their Hearts were Honest, Free, and Bold.

Like them again, no Slaves to Courts,
 Let *Britons* still pursue their Sports,
 Like them again shall *Britons* be,
 As Brave, as Honest, and as Free,
 Like them again shall *Britons* be,
 As Brave, as Honest, and as Free.

S O N G CCVI.

I.

PRITHY Gentlemen ask me no more,
 I can't sing, as I told you before ;
 Let this Answer for once then suffice,
 It's Nature not me that denies :
 Tho' all the Night long,
 You ask for a Song,
 Still hoping by Topping,
 To make me comply,
 My Ear is so sad,
 And my Voice is so bad,
 The Devil is in't if I'm caught in a Lye.

S O N G C C V I I .

I.

THE Card invites, in Crowds we fly,
To join the jovial *Rout*, full Cry;
What Joy from Cares and Plagues all Day,
To hie to the Midnight *Hark away*.

II.

Nor Want, nor Pain, nor Grief, nor Care,
Nor dromish Husbands enter there;
The Brisk, the Bold, the Young and Gay,
All hie to the Midnight *Hark-away*.

III.

Uncounted strikes the Morning Clock,
And drowsy Watchmen idly knock;
Till Day-light peeps, we sport and play,
And roar to the jolly *Hark away*.

IV.

When tir'd with Sport, to Bed we creep,
And kill the tedious Day with Sleep;
To-morrow's welcome Call obey,
And again to the Midnight *Hark-away*.

S O N G CCVIII.

I.

COME Mortals, come, come follow me,
 Come follow, follow, follow me,
 To Mirth, and Joy, and Jolity;
 Hark, hark, the Call, come, come and drink,
 And leave your Cares by *Lethe's* Brink.

C H O R U S.

Away then come, come, come away,
 And Life shall hence be Holliday;
 Nor jealous Fears, nor Strife, nor Pain,
 Shall vex the jovial Heart again.

II.

To *Lethe's* Brink then follow all,
 Then follow, follow, follow all,
 'Tis Pleasure courts, obey the Call;
 And Mirth, and Jollity and Joy,
 Shall every future Hour employ.

C H O R U S.

Away then come, come, come away,
 And Life shall hence be Holliday;
 Nor jealous Fears, nor Strife nor Pain,
 Shall vex the jovial Heart again.

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